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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

TWENTY-FIVE years of the civilized life of to-day is a long period of time, for we measure life by accomplishment rather than by years. "That life is long which answers life's great end." The life of the present age is illuminated with knowledge, refined by art, literature, and music, stimulated with incentives to noble living, and glorified by hope, aspiration, and love. One year of civilized life, measured by its quality, counts for more and is longer than a hundred among barbarous and savage peoples. And whoever has lived—not vegetated—through the last twenty-five years has lived longer than Methuselah.

It has been my good or ill fortune—according to one's standpoint of observation—to occupy a place on the public platform during this last wonderful quarter of a century. It was not a position of my own seeking; for although I was on the editorial staff of a weekly paper in Chicago at the opening of the civil war, and was recognized as a reporter, at a time when women reporters were so rare that no woman beside myself was assigned a seat among the hundreds of men who reported the great Republican Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency in 1860, I was yet very conservative. I had heard but two women make public addresses: Angelina Grimke and Lola Montez, two very dissimilar persons, but both gifted as orators. I had no ambition for public life, and with my pen, the care

of my family, and my interest in two or three charitable and philanthropic organizations, for which I worked devotedly, I was well content.

The transition of the country from peace to the tumult of war was swift and appalling. Women, as well as men, were swept from their anchorages of prejudice and indifference, to the loftiest heights of effort and sacrifice, and the incoming patriotism of the hour bore them into positions and activities from which, in calmer moments, they would have shrunk. The organization of women into Soldiers' Aid Societies; their induction into the best methods of work and the imperative needs of the hour; the narration of experiences and observations made at the front of the army, which always quickened the activities of the workers; the enthusing and massing of the various forces into a solidarity for some great enterprise, like a colossal Sanitary Fair,—all this called for public speech, and there was no escape from it.

The public lecture courses of the country, then as now, always in quest of novelties, came forward with their bids for service. "Arrange in the form of a lecture your varied experiences in the office, the camp, the hospital, and at the front, deliver it in our course, and we will give the entire receipts of the evening to the Sanitary Commission." The bribe was potent, and the task proposed not difficult; and before the close of the war, I had become, in the parlance of the press, a "public lecturer."

I saw the quiet days of the past vanishing in the receding distance, like a lost paradise, but was comforted by the thought that with the close of the war I should resume them. The war ended, but the ordinary tenor of the life of women had changed. They had developed potencies and possibilities of whose existence they were unaware, and which surprised them as it did men. The movement had begun for the higher education of women; and colleges, universities, and professional schools rapidly opened to them. Industries, trades, and gainful vocations which had hitherto ignored them, now invited their co-operation, and women became self-supporting. Hard and unjust laws, which had blocked their way, were repealed, and others affording them larger protection and opportunity were enacted. Great organizations of women for missionary work were formed and managed solely by themselves; temperance women wheeled into line

by the hundred thousand; women's clubs sprang into being for social enjoyment and mutual help; woman suffrage leagues multiplied, and everywhere there was a call for women to be up and doing with voice and pen, with hand, head, and heart.

I continued to receive invitations from the lecture courses of the country, flattering in tone, and persuasive with promises of compensation. The Redpath Lyceum Bureau was formed, with its founder, James Redpath, as chief. Brainy to his finger-tips, magnetic in speech and manner, concocting more schemes over night than half a dozen men could manage, with so many irons of his own in the fire that some of them were always burning, he gave an impetus to the business of public lecturing that is felt to the present time. I should never have entered the lecture field at the close of the war but for Mr. Redpath. He arranged all details at the beginning, made the way easy, and, understanding the popular taste, as I did not, suggested lecture topics, made engagements, and was the most indefatigable of agents. My friends, and notably my husband, co-operated with him.

A mighty host of vital but tempestuous questions were before the country, demanding immediate consideration. The nation still palpitated with the passion and agony of the fierce civil war. A million of men, North and South, had gone down into death, or into a permanent invalidism and mutilation worse than death; and through them, four or five times a million women and children had been plunged into widowhood and orphanage, were grief-stricken and desolate, to whom life could never again be the same as before the war. An army of a million soldiers, who had been trained to waste, burn, destroy, ravage, and slaughter, had been disbanded and sent North to their homes. Would they resume their former "law-obeying, law-abiding" habits, and melt away into the peaceful haunts of industry? There was ill-concealed anxiety on this subject.

The South was utterly impoverished, stripped, peeled, and ruined; it had lost everything for which it had flung down the gage of battle, — its importance in the national government, its slaves, its fortunes, its cause, and the very flower of its young men. Disappointed and defiant, it sat down in the ashes of its dead hopes, almost in despair. Four million black slaves had been flung out of the depths of an imbrut-

ing chattelism into ownership of themselves, who were over-weighted with the ignorance and hereditary vices of slavery, and who had been trained by the hardest to have no thought for the morrow. Without preparation for freedom or self-support, without leadership, industrial aid, or a dollar of capital, they were put on a level with self-supporting men and women, and told to take care of themselves.

A vast debt of thousands of millions of dollars had been incurred in defence of the nation — how was it to be paid? The currency of the country was depreciated, and specie had almost entirely disappeared from circulation. How was this to be remedied? Hundreds of thousands of the disbanded soldiers were physical wrecks, unfit for labor, and yet poor, without homes, or with dependent families. What must be done for them? The great president, who had piloted the nation through the stormy sea of war into the haven of peace, and who would have been the leader in the work of reconstruction, was ruthlessly assassinated. And the incapable and inconsequential man who succeeded to his great office proved a marplot, whose plans were so big with mischief that constant surveillance was necessary to checkmate them.

But the people were not left without leaders. "There were giants in those days." Secretaries Seward and Stanton, although in declining health, were able to render good service, as were Sumner of Massachusetts, Fessenden of Maine, Chandler of Michigan, Ben. Wade and Josh. Giddings of Ohio, and the brainy, loyal brothers Washburne of Maine, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The great war governors of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Indiana — Andrew, Curtin, and Morton — were on the alert, as of yore, for the honor and welfare of their country. Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were in government service, as likewise, in some capacity, were Generals Meade, Hooker, Logan, Burnside, Thomas, Garfield, and others of equal worth. Horace Greeley was editor of the New York *Tribune*, Henry Ward Beecher was in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Chief Justice Chase was on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and George William Curtis kept the pages of Harper's publications aglow with demands for right and justice, and a high standard of political morality.

On the lecture platform, William Lloyd Garrison and

Wendell Phillips discussed the questions of the hour with remorseless moral logic and brilliant oratory. Thither Emerson carried to somewhat mystified audiences, his wonderful philosophy of life, delivered mostly in aphorisms; Bayard Taylor led them "up the Rhine and over the Alps with a knapsack," and later into pre-historic Egypt; Bishop Simpson brought the authority of religion and the doctrines of the great church of which he was the head, to the illumination of the problems to be solved; "Petroleum C. Nasby," with cutting irony and withering satire, exposed the fallacies of the enemies of union and freedom; while Anna Dickinson, the untrained Quaker girl who had come to the front like a second Joan of Arc, saved state after state for the Republican Party by her magnetic oratory, and made it possible for any woman to follow her to the platform who had anything to say, and knew how to say it.

For a few years the nation was at a white heat of intellectual life and activity, and the questions of the war were so rapidly settled that future students of history will marvel as they read the story. The abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment, and the enfranchisement of the colored male population of voting age ended forever the long sectional strife between the North and the South, and they were reunited, not as before, in loose bonds of confederation, for now they were welded into a nation. It was in these stirring and inspiring times that I was called to the lecture platform. I never sought the place, for I realized my disadvantages. I was no longer young, and lacked grace and beauty, and in those days it was most heterodox to intimate that there was a ghost of a chance for a woman if she lacked either of these over-prized charms. I had never received an hour's training in elocution or voice culture, and had paid no attention to oratory, for I had no ambition in that direction. But I possessed magnificent health and vigor, and was pre-eminent for a power of persistent, unflagging work that could hold sleep in abeyance till my task was completed, and endure any amount of fatiguing labor or travel, with only temporary disadvantage. I had always been a student and a worker, so that I entered on the new life without dropping out entirely from the old.

Neither school, college, nor university could have given me the education I have received through the lecture plat-

form. Generally, before the end of a season, the work for the next year has been planned, the lecture bureau and the local committees aiding by suggestions and expressed preferences. The work of investigation and of preparation has followed; and the days of reading and research in libraries, aided by the most intelligent and courteous assistants, have been fruitful in varied information. The severer work in my study, where I have put into systematic form the abundant material collected, culling, pruning, consolidating, illustrating, and shaping, has always been a delight. I have been allowed the largest freedom of utterance on the lecture platform, which I have sought not to abuse; and I have been careful not to obtrude my own particular hobbies upon an audience unless requested to "trot them out."

I cannot understand how one who makes lecturing a profession can fail of becoming optimistic. One cannot but learn much more than is desirable concerning the evil of society, when itinerating through the country. But then, to offset this, in no other way can one so well understand the heavenly side of humanity, or comprehend how "near to grandeur is our dust." If a tender philanthropy has blossomed out into an organization that is doing noble work, a free school been formed for the incapable children of recently arrived emigrants who cannot speak our language, a childless mother adopted into her abundant home the desolate orphans whom death has kindly bereft of worthless parents, a generous man endowed a town with a public library and reading-room, which will prove a liberal education to many yet unborn, the lecturer is informed of the divine deed, and brought into personal contact with it.

A woman lecturer is more generally entertained in private homes than in hotels, unless she expresses a wish to the contrary. Here one learns faith in the future of the country. Not by exhibitions of splendid talents or the narration of illustrious deeds, but by learning how almost universal is the desire of the average father and mother to train their children to a loftier standard than they have attained; by observing the habitual self-control which is so necessary to usefulness, and the habitual self-denial, on which many are nourished and have grown strong; by seeing how the children of a family are educated out of waywardness and animalism into subordination to the law of right, by the

gentle patience and forbearance of a mother, and the wise good temper of a father, maintained even when reproof is administered. One's estimate of values changes under such circumstances, and in time one comes to rate brilliancy of talent and dazzling achievement a little lower than the meek and quiet virtues, which transform many homes of our land into veritable suburbs of Heaven. One Niagara, with its thunderous waters, is enough for a continent; but that same continent needs tens of thousands of gentle streams that shall fructify every meadow and farm.

My last quarter of a century of life, a good half of which has been spent on the lecture platform, has taught me that there is more good than evil in the world. Comparatively few deliberately choose the wrong, and persistently follow it from day to day. Passion and appetite hurry many into evil courses, whose better natures, in calmer moments, do not consent to their misdoing. And poverty on one hand, and wealth and luxury on the other, are alike responsible for sins differing in character and degree. We talk much of the contagion of evil, and deplore it. We rarely speak of the diviner contagion of good, which is abroad in the world, inspiring reforms, correcting abuses, redressing wrongs, and stimulating an almost omniscient philanthropy.

Our country abounds in kindly race lovers, who think profoundly on the great questions now surging to the front, that concern the bettering of the world. I have met them here and there in my journeyings, and listened spell-bound to their plans and prophecies, till I, too, have seen "distant gates of Eden gleam." Shall not the dream of the ages be realized? It was the belief in "a good time coming" that inspired Plato's "Divine Republic" — that planned Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" — that suggested the "Arcadia" to Sir Philip Sidney — that stimulated Harrington to sing his "Oceana" — that stirred Fourier to plan his bungling "Labor-Paradise" — that led Jesus and the Apostles to foretell the "New Heaven" and the "New Earth." Shall this hope which humanity has carried in its heart, like a heavenly seed, for ages, never come to fruition?

But is there no "fun" in the life of a lecturer? Is there never a time when a frolic is in order, and a good laugh comes in? Assuredly, and it comes at unexpected times and from unlooked-for sources. Vexed though you might be

at first, dear reader, you would laugh afterwards, when, on opening your valise for the orthodox black silk you were to wear in the evening, you found it missing, and in its place you beheld, in dismay, the garments of a stalwart bridegroom, who was to have arrayed himself for his wedding, that night, in white satin vest and necktie, white kids, delicate hosiery, and patent leather shoes of the latest fashion. The careless porter at the hotel interfered with his calculations, by misplacing the checks on our not dissimilar valises. Would you not have felt a sudden "drop" in your dignity, when a "commercial man" who had been kind to you, turned on you suddenly with the inquiry, "For what house are you travelling? And what line of goods do you carry?" And would it not have seemed the proper thing to revise your facial expression, when a woman who had stared you out of countenance for an hour, informed you, in a confidential whisper, that she "recognized you as a trance medium the moment you stepped in the car—you had just the expression of one."

I was presented to the audience one evening by a young lawyer, who desired to make the occasion as pleasant as possible for me. He had personally attended to the decoration of the platform, which was bright and fragrant with flowers. His dead mother and I had been girl friends. This was his introduction: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in presenting to you this evening a lady of whom you have heard and read for forty years; for during that time she has written and lectured extensively under the *nom de plume* of Lucy Stone. To-night I present her by her true name, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore." And it was with difficulty that I persuaded the young fellow that I knew myself better than he did. When finally convinced that "Lucy Stone" was the real name of a very alive woman, I think he was a little appalled that there were two of us.

On another occasion, I delivered the opening lecture of the first course ever arranged in a small city of Western New York. The chairman of the lecture committee, who was to introduce me, was somewhat bumptious in manner and speech, and I was informed that he had "a talent for oratory." As he proceeded in his speech of presentation, I became interested, for he gave the audience my biography. It was a very romantic narration, but, unfortunately, not a word of it was true. According to his story, I was born in

Chicago, at a time "when wolves howled about the cabins, and Indians screeched in chorus." He had talked for nearly twenty minutes, when suddenly, from the midst of the densely packed house, some one called out, in a tone of intense disgust, "*Oh, dry up!*" It seemed for a time as if no lecture could be given that night, for the whole affair was so ludicrous that it appeared impossible for any of us to subside into decorous gravity.

The very next week Robert Collyer gave me a "send-off" before a Western audience in the following sententious fashion: "Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will talk to you this evening, who was born in Boston, and is so proud of it, that she has ever since refused to be born again."

I remember an evening passed with Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, in their home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, many years ago. Somehow, the conversation turned on the experiences of lecturers, when most amusing "yarns" were told, all vouched for as authentic. It was said that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had received the smallest fee ever paid a lecturer. He was promised five dollars, but was paid only two dollars and a half, and, as if in explanation of the reduction, the comment was thrown in that "the lecture warnt as funny as folks expected." Charles Sumner had been sued in Iowa, because overtaken *en route* by an attack of illness, he had failed to deliver the lecture he had promised, and the committee had placed the damages at five hundred dollars. Wendell Phillips had reached his destination, and found the lecture committee unable to decide which of two of his lectures should be selected for the evening. "Perhaps I had better deliver them both," said Mr. Phillips, pleasantly. On reaching the lecture hall that evening, the committee gravely informed him "they had decided to take his advice, and to hear both lectures. There would be a half hour's intermission between, when the audience would be glad to shake hands with him, and meet him socially." "All of which came off, according to programme," said Mr. Phillips, "but I am sorry to say they paid me but one fee."

I was on my way to fill an engagement at Big Rapids, Mich., when the engine "gave out," and we stopped for repairs twenty-five miles from the town. I notified the committee, by telegram, that it was not possible for me to reach Big Rapids before nine o'clock that evening. After

asking another date for the engagement, which I was unable to give, they directed me to "come on with the train." We reached Big Rapids at half-past ten. A lad on horseback galloped to the hall, to stop the "promenade concert," with which they were beguiling the time till my arrival. A carriage in waiting, containing the committee and the lecturer, followed after. The lecture began at eleven o'clock, and was ended at midnight.

Unity Club, in Cincinnati, has maintained a most successful Sunday afternoon lecture course, for more than a dozen years. On one occasion when I had an engagement in this course, my agent had arranged for a lecture, on the previous Saturday evening, in a large town some fifty miles from Cincinnati. There was but one train on which I could reach the city the next day, and that passed through the town at five o'clock Sunday morning. It was so important a matter, that I would run no risk; and I made my own arrangements with the responsible proprietor of the best livery stable in town, who agreed to drive me to the station himself, in season for the early train. "Give yourself no anxiety," were his last words, "for if I am alive, I shall call for you promptly." It is fair to presume that he died suddenly during the night, for I never saw him afterwards. And after waiting an hour on the piazza, with trunk and "gripsack" packed and locked, the morning train whistled into town, and whistled out again,—and I was left.

As soon as the telegraph offices were opened, I notified the Cincinnati committee of the *contretemps* that had befallen me. No one could be found, on so short a notice, to take my place, and the committee proposed to send an engine for me, if I were willing to ride in the engineer's cab. It was the best that could be done, for it was Sunday. I had travelled on an engine before in emergencies; and so at one o'clock, dressed for the lecture, and wrapped from head to foot as a protection from dust and cinders, I started with the engineer. We spun along merrily, until we were sixteen miles from Cincinnati, and then came upon a derailed freight train. We could go no farther. Consulting various tables of trains, stations, and time that hung in the cab, the engineer brightened. "In seven minutes," said he, "a fast cattle train leaves the next station beyond this broken-down freight train and goes through to Cincinnati without stopping. We must

try to catch that, madam." He assisted me to alight, and then to mount into an empty beer wagon, which somebody had hitched to a post, climbed in himself, and drove with great rapidity. There was no seat for me, and so I stood behind him, and steadied myself, with my hands on his shoulders, looking carefully after my feet, over which the empty beer kegs in the bottom of the wagon were in danger of rolling. We reached the station just as the engineer of the cattle train was giving the signal to start. He declined to take me, and produced his printed instructions, which forbade him to carry any freight but "live stock," and any passengers but the drovers in charge of the animals.

"If I am not 'live stock,' will you please tell me *what* I am?" I queried impatiently and in dismay.

There was a laugh, a hurried parley between the two men, and the conductor of the cattle train decided to transport me to Cincinnati, if I would go as "live stock." I was weighed as "live stock," was billed as "live stock," but was put in the caboose, and not in the cattle car; and when I reached my destination, I paid my bill and took a receipt — details with which "live stock" never trouble themselves. It was a hard, weary afternoon's work, but I kept my engagement, and was enthusiastically welcomed by an audience that had patiently waited for me an hour and a half, packed in a crowded opera house. Oh, yes! there is plenty of amusement in the life of a lecturer — there is no lack of excitement, variety, and incident, and I have had my full share of them. But I like better to remember the noble people and the beautiful homes, that have been to me like oases in the desert, during the last twenty-five years; the increasing number of good, unselfish men and women who are centres of right influence in every community; the vast material progress of the age, with the widening spread of popular instruction, and the advance of higher education; the growing triumphs of literature, art, and science, and their promise for the future; the new day that is dawning for women, which is prophetic of good to both man and woman; the general upward trend of human life, of which we detect signs all about us, which foretells a larger, nobler, finer civilization yet to come. It shall surely come; it cannot ultimately fail, for are not these the signs of its coming, as the first faint streaks of light in the gray east portend the dawning of the day?

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

BY EDWIN REED.

PART I. A BRIEF FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

SECTION III. FRANCIS BACON.

1. Setting aside Shakespeare, Bacon was the most original, the most imaginative, and the most learned man of his time.

"The most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men." — *Macaulay*.

"The great glory of literature in this island, during the reign of James, was my Lord Bacon." — *Hume*.

"Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced." — *Pope*.

"The glory of the human intellect." — *De Quincey*.

"Crown of all modern authors." — *Geo. Sandys*.

"He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination." — *Addison*.

"He belongs to the realm of the imagination, of eloquence, of jurisprudence, of ethics, of metaphysics; his writings have the gravity of prose, with the fervor and vividness of poetry." — *Welsh*.

"Who is there that, hearing the name of Bacon, does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, of literature the most extensive, of discovery the most penetrating, of observation of human life the most distinguishing and refined?" — *Edmund Burke*.

"Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more expressive or vigorous condensations, of greater resemblance to inspiration; in Bacon, they are to be found everywhere." — *Taine*.

"No other author can be compared with him, unless it be Shakespeare." — *Professor Fowler*.

"He was a genius second only to Shakespeare." — *Church.*

Addison, referring to a prayer composed by Bacon, says that "for elevation of thought and greatness of expression it seems rather the devotion of an angel than that of a man."

2. Bacon came of a family eminent for learning. His father, Nicholas Bacon, was Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal under Elizabeth; his mother, daughter of Sir Anthony Coke, tutor of Edward VI.

Of Bacon's mother, Macaulay writes:—

"She was distinguished both as a linguist and a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewell, and translated his 'Apologia' from the Latin so correctly that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated a series of sermons on fate and free will from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino. Her sister Katherine wrote Latin hexameters and pentameters which would appear with credit in the 'Musæ Etonenses.' Mildred, another sister, was described by Roger Ascham as the best Greek scholar among the young women of England, Lady Jane Grey always excepted."

3. Bacon had a strong desire for public employment, due, it is fair to infer, to the consciousness that he possessed exceptional powers for the service of the state. It was a creditable ambition, though the methods then in vogue to gratify it would, according to modern standards, hardly be deemed consistent with personal honor. It is certain that the reputation of being a poet, and particularly a dramatic poet, writing for pay, would have compromised him at court. In those days play-acting and play-writing were considered scarcely respectable. The first theatre in London was erected in 1576, ten or twelve years only before the earliest production of Hamlet. The government, in the interest of public morals, frowned upon the performances. The Lord Mayor, in 1597, at the very time when the greatest of the Shakespeare plays were coming out, denounced the theatre as a "place for vagrants, thieves, horse stealers, contrivers of treason, and other idle and dangerous persons." Taine speaks of the stage in Shakespeare's day as "degraded by the brutalities of the crowd, who not seldom would stone the actors, and by the severities of the magistrates, who would sometimes condemn them to lose their ears." He thus describes the playhouse as it then existed:—

"On a dirty site on the banks of the Thames rose the principal theatre, the Globe, a sort of hexagonal tower, surrounded by a muddy ditch. Over it was hoisted a red flag. The common people could enter as well as the rich; there were six-penny, two-penny, even penny seats; but they could not gain admittance without money. If it rained,—and it often rains in London,—the people in the pit—butchers, mercers, bakers, sailors, apprentices—received the streaming rain upon their heads. I suppose they did not trouble themselves about it; it was not so long since that they had begun to pave the streets of London; and when men like these have had experience of sewers and puddles, they are not afraid of catching cold.

While waiting for the piece, they amuse themselves after their fashion—drink beer, crack nuts, eat fruits, howl, and now and then resort to their fists; they have been known to fall upon the actors and turn the theatre upside down. At other times, when they were dissatisfied, they went to the tavern to give the poet a hiding, or toss him in a blanket. When the beer took effect, there was a great up-turned barrel in the pit, a peculiar receptacle for general use. The smell rises, and then comes the cry, 'Burn the juniper!' They burn some in a plate on the stage, and the heavy smoke fills the air. Certainly, the folk there assembled could scarcely get disgusted at anything, and cannot have had sensitive noses."

It may be easily imagined that Bacon, considering his high birth, aristocratic connections, and aspirancy for official honors, and already projecting a vast philosophical reform for the human race, would have shrunk from open alliance with an institution like this.

4. To his confidential friend, Sir Toby Matthew, Bacon was in the habit of sending copies of his books as they came from the press. On one of these occasions he forwards, with an air of mystery and half apologetically, certain works which he describes as the product of his "recreation," called by him, also, curiously, "works of the alphabet," upon which not even Mrs. Pott's critical acumen has been able to throw, from sources other than conjecture, any light. In a letter addressed to Bacon by Matthew while abroad, in acknowledgment of some "great and noble token of favor," we find this sentence:—

"The most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."

It has been plausibly suggested that the "token of favor," sent to Matthew, was the folio edition of the Shakespeare Plays, published in 1623. It is certain that Matthew's let-

ter, now without date, was written subsequently to Jan. 27, 1621.*

5. Bacon kept a commonplace book which he called a *Promus*, now in the archives of the British Museum. It consisted of several large sheets, on which from time to time he jotted down all kinds of suggestive and striking phrases, proverbs, aphorisms, metaphors, and quaint turns of expression, found in the course of his reading, and available for future use. With the exception of the proverbs from the French, the entries, one thousand six hundred and fifty-five in number, are in his own handwriting. These verbal treasures are scattered, as thick as the leaves of *Vallombrosa*, throughout the *Plays*. Mrs. Pott finds, by actual count, four thousand four hundred and four instances in which they are reproduced there—some of them, in more or less covert or modified form, over and over again. We can almost see the architect at work, imbedding these gems of beauty and wisdom in the wonderful structures to which, according to Matthew, he gave the name of another. While they appear to a limited extent in Bacon's prose works, they seem to have constituted a storehouse of materials for particular use in the composition of the *Plays*.

Two of these entries reappear in a single sentence in "*Romeo and Juliet*." One is the unusual phrase, "golden sleep"; and the second, the new word "uproused," then added for the first time, like hundreds of others in the *Plays*, out of the same mint to the verbal coinage of the realm.

"But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign;
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art uproused by some distemperature." — ii. 3.

To one familiar with the laws of chance, these coincidences will have very nearly the force of a mathematical demonstration.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the *Promus* is the group of salutatory phrases it contains, such as "good morn-

* Various attempts have been made to break the force of this testimony. It has been urged that, as Bacon had been raised to the peerage, he had acquired another name under which to publish his works. This seems too frivolous for serious remark. It has also been conjectured that Matthew may have been in Madrid, where a certain Francisco de Quevedo was writing under a pseudonym. Unfortunately for this theory, the Spaniard (who has never become distinguished, so far as we know, for "prodigious wit") retained the name of Francisco, the only part that suggested Bacon's, in his pseudonym. The simple truth is, Matthew's description exactly fits the Shakespeare *Plays* and Bacon's literary alias. Indeed, on this ground alone, we might ask, if it were legally permissible, that the court instruct the jury to find for plaintiff.

ing," "good-day," and "good-night," which had not then come into common use in England, but which occur four hundred and nineteen times in the Plays. These salutations, however, were common at that time in France, where Bacon, as attaché of the British Embassy, had spent three years in the early part of his life. To him we are doubtless indebted for these little amenities of speech.*

Particular attention is called to the entry "good-dawning," a style of address which Bacon failed to make popular, and which is found but once in the whole range of Elizabethan literature outside of the *Promus*—in "*King Lear*." The date of the *Promus* (a strictly private record, published for the first time in 1883), was 1594; that of the play, 1606. In one, the seed; the only plant from that seed, in the other.

We mention one more entry, number one thousand one hundred and ninety-six: "Law at Twickenham for the merry tales." Twickenham was Bacon's country seat, where works of his "recreation" would naturally have been written. The plays in which legal principles are most freely stated and applied were produced at or near the time of the *Promus*.

6. Other internal evidences also point unmistakably to Bacon's pen. Peculiarities of thought, style, and diction are more important in a contested case of authorship than the name on the title page; for there we find the author's own signature in the very fibre of his work. We have only to hold the Plays, as it were, up to the light, to see the watermark imprinted in them. To elucidate this point, we venture to spring upon our readers the deadly parallel:—

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;

* * * *

And we must take the current when
it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Julius Cæsar, iv. 3.

FROM BACON.

In the third place, I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which, if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered.—*Advancement of Learning*.

* A few specimens have been found in earlier literature, but the statement in the text is substantially correct. These salutations did not take root in English speech till they were implanted there by the author of the Plays. Their presence in Bacon's scrap-book is sufficient evidence that they were new.

R. M. Theobald, Esq., secretary of the Bacon Society of London, sends us the following very pertinent suggestion on this subject: "The real significance of the *Promus* consists in the enormous proportion of notes which Bacon could not possibly have used in his acknowledged writings; the colloquialisms, dramatic repartees, turns of expression, proverbs, etc. Any biographer of Bacon, whatever his notions as to the Shakespearean authorship, may be reasonably expected to offer some explanation of this queer assortment of oddments, and to find out, if possible, what use Bacon made of them; and then our case becomes urgent."

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Hamlet, i. 3.

That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came, o'er my ear like the sweet
south.
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

Twelfth Night, i. 1.

This majestical roof fretted with golden
fire.—*Hamlet*, ii. 2.

By a divine instinct, men's minds mis-
trust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
Richard III., ii. 3.

Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.—*Tempest*, i. 2.

Losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter
tongues.—*Titus Andronicus*, iii. 1.

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't.
Tempest, i. 2.

I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.
Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2.

Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most
sweet.—*Richard II.*, i. 3.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgelled.—*King John*, ii. 1.

Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery.—*King Lear*, ii. 2.

Advantage is a better soldier than rash-
ness.—*Henry V.*, iii. 6.

With taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
King John, iv. 2.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere
lees
Is left.—*Macbeth*, ii. 1.

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Troilus and Cressida, v. 3.

FROM BACON.

Be so true to thyself as thou be not
false to others.—*Essay of Wisdom*.

The breath of flowers . . . comes and
goes like the warbling of music.—*Essay
of Gardens*.

For if that great work-master had been
of a human disposition, he would have
cast the stars into some pleasant and
beautiful works and orders, like the frets
in the roofs of houses.—*Advancement of
Learning*.

As there are . . . secret swellings of
seas before a tempest, so there are in
States.—*Essay of Sedition*.

With long and continual counterfeiting
and with oft telling a lie, he was turned
by habit almost into the thing he seemed
to be; and from a liar to a believer.—*His-
tory Henry VII.*

Always let losers have their words.—
The Promus.

It was ordained that this winding-ivy
of a Plantagenet should kill the tree itself.
—*History Henry VII.*

The sparks of my affection shall ever
rest quick under the ashes of my fortune.
—*Letter to Falkland*.

Let not this Parliament end like a Dutch
feast in salt meats, but like an English
feast in sweet meats.—*Speech in Parlia-
ment*, 1604.

No man loves one the better for giving
him a bastinado with a little cudgel.—
Advice to Queen.

Certainly, if miracles be the control
over nature, they appear most in adver-
sity.—*Essay of Adversity*.

If time give his Majesty the advantage,
what need precipitation to extreme re-
medies?—*Letter to Villiers*.

But this work, shining in itself, needs
no taper.—*Amendment of Laws*.

The memory of King Richard lay, like
lees, in the bottom of men's hearts.—
History Henry VII.

For of lions it is a received belief that
their fury ceaseth toward anything that
yieldeth and prostratech itself.*—*Of
Charity*.

* In this instance, as in many others, it requires Bacon's prose to explain Shake-
speare's poetry.

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

As the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.
Second Henry VI., iii. 2.

So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until the king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.

Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

Soothsayer:

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy daemon, that's thy spirit which keeps
thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar is not; but near him thy
angel
Becomes a Fear, as being overpowered:
therefore,
Make space enough between you.

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2.

FROM BACON.

It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed
tears when they would devour.—*Essay
of Wisdom.*

So we see, when two lights meet, the
greater doth darken the less. And when
a smaller river runneth into a greater, it
loseth both its name and stream.—*Dis-
course on the Union.*

There was an Egyptian soothsayer that
made Antonius believe that his genius,
which otherwise was brave and confident,
was, in the presence of Octavius Caesar,
poor and cowardly; and therefore he
advised him to absent himself as much
as he could, and remove far from him.*—
Natural History.

The foregoing list might be extended almost indefinitely, but enough is given to show that on these two minds (if there were two) fell the light of intelligence, in repeated flashes, at the same exact angle. The cumulative force of these examples reminds us of the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, the "irresistible meeting the immovable."

7. Bacon's love of flowers perfumed his whole life. It was to him, as he said, "the purest of human pleasures." Of the thirty-five species of garden plants mentioned in the Plays, he enumerates thirty-two in his prose works, bending over them, as it were, lovingly and, like the dramatist, noting the seasons in which they bloom. In both authors, taste and knowledge go hand in hand.

This point will bear elaboration, for the two methods of treatment seem to be mutually related, like the foliage of a plant and the exquisite blossom. Bacon says: "I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season;" and with this end in view, he proceeds to classify plants according to their periods of blooming.

Shakespeare, on his part, introduces to us a beautiful shepherdess distributing flowers among her friends; to the young, the flowers of spring; to the middle-aged, those of summer; while the flowers that bloom on the edge of winter are given

* The *Natural History* was not printed till eleven years after Shakespeare's death. It is clear, then, that Shakespeare did not take the story from Bacon. It is almost equally clear that Bacon did not take it from Shakespeare, for he adds a particular which is not in the play, viz.: "The soothsayer was thought to be suborned by Cleopatra to make Antony live in Egypt and other places remote from Rome."

to the old. What is still more remarkable, however, the groupings in both are substantially the same. One commentator has even proved the correctness of a disputed reading in the play by reference to the corresponding passage in the essay.

We present the two lists, side by side, for comparison, as follows:—

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring,
that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and
yours; *daffodils*,
That come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of March with beauty; *violets*,
dun,
But sweeter than the hds of Juno's eyes,
Or Cythera's breath; pale *primroses*,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold *oxlips* and
The crown imperial; *lilies of all kinds*,
The *flower-de-luce* being one.

Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the
birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers
o' th' season
Are our *carnations* and streaked *gilli-*
flower.

Hot *lavender*, mint, savory, marjoram;
The *marigold*, that goes to bed with th'
sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are
flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they're
given
To men of middle age.

Reverend sirs,
For you there's *rosemary* and rue; these
keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long.
Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

FROM BACON.

There followeth, for the latter part of
January and February, . . . *crocus ver-*
nus, both the yellow and the gray; *prim-*
roses, *anemones*, the early tulip, the
hyacinthus orientalis. For March, there
come *violets*, especially the single blue,
which are the earliest; the yellow *daffo-*
dil, the daisy. In April follow the double
white *violet*, the wall-flower, the stock-
gilliflower, the *couslip*, *flower-de-luces*,
and *lilies of all natures*; *rosemary-flow-*
ers, the tulip, the double peony, the *pale*
daffodil, the French honeysuckle.

In May and June come *pinks* of all
sorts, specially the bluish pink; roses of
all kinds, except the musk, which comes
later; the French *marigold*, *flos Africa-*
nus, vine flowers, *lavender* in flowers, the
sweet satyrian. In July come *gilliflowers*
of all varieties, musk-roses.

For December and January and the
latter part of November, you must take
such things as are green all winter, *rose-*
mary, *lavender*, and sweet marjoram.*—
Essay on Gardens.

The essay was first printed in 1625, nine years after Shakespeare's death. It is necessary only to add that Bacon had made a study of gardens all his life.

8. In 1867, there was discovered, in a private library in London, a box of old papers, among which were some manuscripts of Francis Bacon, bound together in the form of a volume. In the table of contents on the title page, among the names of other compositions known to be Bacon's, appear those of two of the Shakespeare plays, Richard II. and Richard III., though the plays themselves have been

* Trees and fruits only omitted.

abstracted from the book. Judge Holmes adds the following piece of information in regard to this discovery:—

“The blank space at the side and between the titles is scribbled all over with various words, letters, phrases, and scraps of verse in English and Latin, as if the copyist were merely trying his pen and writing down whatever first came into his head. Among these scribbblings, beside the name of Francis Bacon several times, the name of William Shakespeare is written eight or nine times over.”

“The only place in the world where we can be sure that the manuscripts of two of Shakespeare’s plays once existed is Bacon’s portfolio.”—*R. M. Theobald*.

9. At the death of Queen Elizabeth, John Davis, the poet and courtier, went to Scotland to meet James I. To him, while on the journey northward, Bacon addressed a letter, asking kind intercession in his behalf with the king, and expressing the hope, in closing, that he (Davis) would be “good to concealed poets.”

10. Stratford, the home of Shakespeare, is not referred to in any of the plays, nor the beautiful river Avon, on which it is situated; but St. Albans, the residence of Bacon, is mentioned twenty-three times. Tender memories of York Place, where Bacon was born, and of the County of Kent, the home of his father’s ancestry, are conspicuous in more than one of the historical plays.

11. Bacon was remarkably painstaking in preparing his works for the press. He rewrote the *Novum Organum* twelve times, and the essays thirty times, before he deemed them fit for publication. No wonder the editors of the plays remarked upon the beauty and neatness of the copy.

12. With the exception of a brief but brilliant career in Parliament, and an occasional service in unimportant causes as attorney for the crown, Bacon seems to have been without employment from 1579, when he returned from France at the age of eighteen, to 1597, when he published his first volume of essays. Here were nearly twenty of the best years of his life apparently run to waste. The volume of essays was a small 12mo, containing but ten out of the fifty-eight sparkling gems which subsequent editions gave to the admiration and delight of posterity. His philosophical works, excepting a slight sketch in 1585, did not begin to appear till several years later. From 1597 to 1607, when he was appointed solicitor-general, he was again, so far as we know,

substantially unemployed,—a period of ten years, contemporaneous with the appearance of the great tragedies of "Hamlet" (rewritten), "Julius Cæsar," "King Lear," and "Macbeth." In the meanwhile, he was hard pressed for money, and, failing to get relief (unhappily before the days of Samuel Weller) in a vain effort to marry a wealthy widow, he was actually thrown into prison for debt.*

See page
296 last

That he was idle all this time, under great pecuniary pressure, his mind teeming with the richest fancy, it is impossible to admit. Such a hypothesis is utterly inconsistent with the possession of those fixed, almost phenomenal, habits of industry with which he afterwards achieved magnificent results. On this point, indeed, we have interesting testimony from his mother. A woman of deep piety, mindful of the proprieties of her station in life, she evidently became alarmed over some mystery connected with her son. Probably she had a suspicion of its nature, for not even the genius that created "Hamlet" could subdue maternal instincts. In a letter to Anthony, the brother of Francis, under date of May 24, 1592, she expresses her solicitude, as follows:—

"I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed, and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep."

At another time, when the two brothers were together at Gray's Inn, and full of enthusiasm, as she knew, for the wicked drama, she wrote, begging them

"Not to mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel."

It may be added that with Bacon's appointment to high office and advent into public life, the production of the Shakespeare plays, for several years at least, suddenly terminated.†

* On one of these occasions, the debt was due to a Jewish money-lender, and was paid by Anthony, brother of Francis. At about that time appeared the great play, "The Merchant of Venice," in which a money-lending Jew is pilloried for all time, and the friend of the debtor is named Antonio.

† What a crushing argument our friends on the other side would have made against Scott's authorship of the *Waverley* novels, on the ground of preoccupation, had a kind Providence sent these critics into the world earlier in the century! Scott was a great poet, and previous to the publication of *Waverley*, in the forty-third year of his age, he had never written a romance in prose. In 1814, at which time *Waverley* made its mysterious appearance, Scott published in two volumes a work on "Border Antiquities," contributed articles on "Chivalry" and the "Drama," to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and edited the "Life and Works of Dean Swift." The latter publication, comprising nineteen volumes, was issued in the same week with *Waverley*. In the following year "Guy Mannering" appeared; and also, from Scott, the two poems, "Lord of the Isles" and "Field of Waterloo." In 1816 came in quick succession from the Great Unknown, "The Antiquary," "Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," and "Tales of My Landlord," first

13. Ben Jonson was Bacon's private secretary, and presumably in the secret, if there were any, of his employer's literary undertakings. In this fact we find the key to the exquisite satire of the inscription, composed by him and printed opposite Shakespeare's portrait in the folio of 1623, of which the following, in reference to the engraver's art, is an extract:—

"O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brasse."

It is a straw, but one carrying with it, perhaps, "the wisdom of the fathers," that in this invocation Jonson speaks of the plays as superior to

"All that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth;"

while in a subsequent book of his own, he uses exactly the same language in describing Bacon's genius:—

"He performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

Ben Jonson and Sir Toby Matthew made lists of the great wits of their time and of the preceding century; both placed Bacon at the head; neither of them mentioned Shakespeare.

Edmund Howes, another contemporary, also published a similar list, in which Bacon stands the eighth, and Shakespeare the thirteenth, among the poets.

Jonson pronounced Bacon "the mark and acme of our age." Matthew wrote of him:—

"A man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world."

series; and in the same year from Scott's pen, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and the "Edinburg Annual Register." The poem, "Harold the Dauntless," was published in January, 1817, preceded within thirty days by three of the above-named works of fiction.

During all this time Scott was keeping "open house" at Abbotsford in the old feudal fashion, and was seldom without visitors, entirely occupied, to all outward appearance, with local and domestic business and sport, building and planting, adding wing to wing, acre to acre, plantation to plantation, with just leisure enough for the free-hearted entertainment of his guests and the cultivation of friendly relations with his humble neighbors.

He even mystified some of his most intimate friends by reviewing one of his own novels in the *Quarterly*, going so far as to claim that "the characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author."

14. With the exception of the isolated play of "King John," the series depicting English history extends from the deposition of Richard II. to the birth of Elizabeth. In this long chain, there is one break and one only: the important period of Henry VII., when the foundations of social order, as we now have them, were firmly laid. The omission, on any but the Baconian theory of authorship, is inexplicable; for the dramatist could hardly have failed, except for personal considerations, to drop his plummet into the richest and most instructive experiences of political life that lay in his path. The truth is, Bacon wrote a history of the missing reign in prose, which exactly fills the gap; the one is tongued and grooved, as it were, into the other.

15. "Troilus and Cressida" was published for the first time, without reservation, in 1609. A writer in the preface claims special credit for the work, on the ground that it had not been produced on the public stage, or (to use his own words) "never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," or "sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." Then he thanks fortune that a copy of the play had escaped from "grand possessors."

Three inferences seem to be justifiable, viz.: first, the author was indifferent to pecuniary reward; * second, he was not a member of the theatrical profession; third, he was of high social rank.

16. The plays, as they came out, were first published anonymously. Several of them had been in the hands of the public for years before the name of Shakespeare appeared on a title page. Other plays, not belonging to the Shakespearean canon, and most of them of very inferior merit, were also given to the world as Shakespeare's. We have fourteen of these heterogeneous compositions attributed to the same "divine" authorship, — geese and eagles coming helter-skelter from a single nest, — at a time when Coke, the law officer of the government, declared poetasters and playwrights to be "fit subjects for the grand jury as vagrants." It was enough for the impecunious authors of these plays that Shakespeare, manager and part proprietor of two theatres, and amassing a large fortune in the business, was willing, apparently, to adopt every child of the drama laid on his

* At this time, Bacon was in easy circumstances. By the death of his brother he had come into possession of Gorhambury and other remnants of the family estate; and he was in receipt of a salary from the government.

door step. This accounts for the venomous shaft which Greene in his envy aimed at him. Greene was a writer for the stage, and took occasion one time, in a little squib addressed to his professional brethren, to refer to one "Shake-scene" as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers." It is evident, nevertheless, that Shakespeare was a favorite *nom de plume* with the dramatic wits of his time.

17. The first complete edition of the plays, substantially as we now have them, was the famous folio, from the author's manuscripts, of 1623. Its titles number thirty-six, and may be classified, for our present purpose, as follows: Plays, previously printed, in various quartos, at dates ranging from 1597 to 1622, eighteen; those not previously printed, but known to have been produced on the stage, twelve; lastly, those, so far as we know, entirely new, six. Of the plays in the first class, it is found, by comparison, that several had been rewritten, and in some cases greatly enlarged, subsequently to their first appearance. The same is probably true of some in the second class, though on this point we are, naturally enough, without means of verification. In any event, however, it is certain that the compositions which were new, together with those which by changes and accretions have been made new, constitute no inconsiderable part of the book.* Who did this work? Who prepared it for the press? Shakespeare died in 1616, seven years before the folio was published; and for six years before his death he had lived in Stratford, without facilities for such a task, and in a social atmosphere in the highest degree unfavorable for it. On the other hand, Bacon retired to private life in 1621, at the age of sixty, in the plenitude of his powers, and under circumstances that would naturally cause him to roll this apple of discord, refined into the purest gold, down the ages.

18. Other mysteries cluster around this edition. The ostensible editors were two playwrights, named Heminge and Condell, formerly connected with the company of which

* The most noteworthy examples under this head are the *Second* and *Third Parts of "Henry VI."* These plays were first published in 1594 and '95, under the titles, respectively, of the "First Part of the Contention between the Two Famous Houses, York and Lancaster," and the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York." They were republished in 1600, and again in 1619 (three years after Shakespeare's death), under the same general title and in other respects, also, substantially as first printed. In the folio of 1623, however, they appear under new titles and largely rewritten. The *Second Part* (for instance), containing originally three thousand and fifty-seven lines, suddenly comes out with fifteen hundred and seventy-eight lines entirely new, and with about one thousand altered or expanded from passages in the old.

"Othello" was first printed (in quarto form) in 1622, six years after Shakespeare's death; and yet it received numerous and important emendations for the folio, one year later.

Shakespeare was a member. Heminge appears, also, to have been a grocer. In the dedication of the book, they characterize the plays with singular, not to say suspicious, infelicity as "trifles." They astonish us still more by the use they make of Pliny's epistle to Vespasian, prefixed to his "Natural History," and not translated into English till 1635. Not only are the thoughts of the Latin author most happily introduced, but they are amplified and fitted to the purpose with consummate literary skill.

Then follows a pithy address to the public, in which the editors seek to justify their revolutionary work, undertaken so long after Shakespeare's death, on the ground that all previous publications of the plays had been made from stolen copies, and were, therefore, inaccurate as well as fraudulent. A comparison of the two sets, however, discloses a state of things quite inconsistent with the sincerity of Messrs. Heminge and Condell. Some of the finest passages, given in the quartos, are omitted in the folio, one particularly in "Hamlet," in which the genius of the author, as Swinburne asserts, "soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth." In "King Lear," also, but for the "stolen copies," the following description of Cordelia's sorrow, together with the whole scene containing it, would have been lost forever:—

"You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better May; those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd."

And who is not shocked at the statement in the folio that Desdemona, at one of her first interviews with the swarthy Moor, received the story of his life, "with a world," not of sighs, but — "of kisses"!

The truth is, the quartos, with few exceptions, are precisely what we should have expected them to be, early but authentic drafts, brought into final shape by the author, under extraordinary mental distractions and the constraints of secrecy, in the folio. The strata may be tilted and broken, but they tell us of the great forces of nature, the elemental fires that seethed beneath them.

Ben Jonson's contribution is, also, clearly susceptible of a

double meaning. In the verses opposite the portrait, he draws a sharp distinction (as well he might) between the lineaments there presented and those of the mighty intellect which the printed page sets before us.

"Look,
Not on his picture, but his book."

In these well-known lines, he paraphrases a Latin inscription found under Bacon's own portrait, converting it into one of the brightest flashes in this symposium of wit.

19. It would be well-nigh miraculous if in all these works, dealing, as they do, with so many kinds and degrees of human vicissitude, we could not find somewhere in them a trace of the author's own personality. Indeed, editors have been constantly searching for it, even at the risk of converting exegesis into biography. Two of them, for instance, have surmised that the dramatist was educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and afterwards trained to law at one of the Inns of Court, because Justice Shallow recommends such a course of study (actually pursued by Bacon) in "Henry IV." It is not surprising, therefore, that, on the supposition of Bacon's authorship, we should discover in two of the plays unmistakable marks of a great crisis in his life. These two are "Timon of Athens" and "Henry VIII." They seem to be filled, like ocean shells, with the dash and roar of waves. They were both printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, the "Timon" never having been heard of before, and the other also, almost as certainly, a new production. An older play, entitled "All is True," based on unknown incidents of the same reign, was on the boards of the Globe Theatre on the night of the fire in 1613; but we have no reason to believe that it was the magnificent Shakespearean drama of "Henry VIII.," at least in the form in which it was printed in the folio ten years later.*

The catastrophe that overwhelmed Bacon in 1621 was one of the saddest in the annals of our race. No wonder Timon hurls invectives at his false friends, and Cardinal Wolsey utters his grand but pathetic lament over fallen greatness! Such storms of feeling, sweeping over a human soul, must have gathered their force among the mountains and valleys of a mighty personal experience.

* It is in the folio of 1623 that we hear, for the first time, of the "Taming of the Shrew," "Henry VIII.," "All's Well that ends Well," "Julius Caesar," "Timon of Athens," and "Coriolanus." — *Halliwel Phillips*.

The most astonishing feature of this controversy is the light it has thrown on the literature of the Elizabethan age. Among the great men who made that age famous, no one, with the exception of Jonson, seems to have taken any notice either of Shakespeare or of the sublime creations which bear his name. Bacon's silence, itself very significant, and Jonson's doubtful panegyrics are explained; but what shall we say of Raleigh, Drake, Herbert, Pym, and the rest? Imagine the inhabitants of Lilliput paying no attention to Gulliver!

"Of his eminent countrymen, Raleigh, Sydney, Spenser, Bacon, Cecil, Walsingham, Coke, Camden, Hooker, Drake, Hobbes, Inigo Jones, Herbert of Cherbury, Laud, Pym, Hampden, Selden, Walton, Wotton, and Donne may be properly reckoned as his contemporaries; and yet there is no evidence whatever that he was personally known to either of these men, or to any others of less note among the statesmen, scholars, soldiers, and artists of his day."—*Richard Grant White*.

"Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe."—*Emerson*.

The popular prejudice against the drama, behind which, as an almost impenetrable veil, the Shakespeare plays were once hid, is only now passing away. Josiah Quincy tells us that, as late as in 1820, as whispered among the boys fitting for college at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., a professor in the neighboring theological seminary had among his books, to the evident jeopardy of his soul, the works of a playwright, named Shakespeare!

Conceding that Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays, we shall find it difficult to exaggerate, in a literary point of view, the importance of the discovery. To our own countrywoman, Delia Bacon, belongs the everlasting honor, and also, alas! in the long line of the world's benefactors, the crown of martyrdom.

(To be continued.)

AN IDEALISTIC DREAMER WHO SINGS IN A MINOR KEY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

BEYOND and above the severely utilitarian spirit which enters so largely into life to-day, firing millions of brains with an all-consuming passion for wealth, rises a far-reaching and overmastering thought which is at once speculative and progressive. A great unrest has taken possession of the thinking world. A profound conviction that the advance guard of civilization is fronting epoch-marking struggles is daily gaining currency. Especially is this true in America, where religious, ethical, educational, economic, and political problems are being subjected to the most unsparing critical investigation. Thus it is by no means strange that idealistic writers who flourish in the quiet breathing-spells of nations find small favor in a period of unrest and conflict such as the present. They are regarded as the allies of conventionalism; and this, to a certain extent, is doubtless true.

The wonderful growth of sentiment in favor of the robust realism of Ibsen, Tolstoi, Howells, and Garland is readily accounted for when we remember that this new thought has allied itself to the moral impulses of the day. It is a part of the great protest of the hour. Its waves bear forward great vital reforms which are thrilling every nerve and fibre of the best progressive thought of the age. It speaks with the authority of truth, albeit its visage is sombre, stern, and not infrequently repulsive.

The "New Learning," which in England rose to commanding proportions during the latter part of the fifteenth century, and flourished so luxuriantly in the early decades of the sixteenth century, quickened the thought of the people, and allied itself to reformatory impulses, which prepared the way for transforming Catholic England into a foremost Protestant nation. So to-day the growing discontent of millions of more or less thoughtful persons has found expression in the austere utterances of such writers as Tolstoi and Ibsen,

—great, prophetic souls, who dare to speak the truth in the teeth of conventional intellectual effeminacy, whose very weakness and vice are emphasized by its affected morality.

The new thought has done more than sounded the note of reform; it has unmasked unjust conditions, and revealed the parasites preying on the vitals of civilization. It has boldly exhibited that moral energy and aggressiveness of spirit which the coming conflict demands. It is iconoclastic, a voice in the wilderness; but its brow, if stern, bears the majesty of reality. It does not palter with truth. Thus, in the very nature of the case, the reformatory thought of the age is found massing under the banner of realism. In the immediate future, therefore, realism will grow in popular favor at least until great radical reforms have been ushered in.

Nevertheless, the human soul is ever haunted by the ideal, even in moments of supreme tension, and when every fibre is strained for action as stern and uncompromising as warfare waged in olden times by austere puritanism. Dreams of the past and visions of the morrow, love, aspiration, hope, the glory of the vanished past, the ideal of the golden future,—these pictures are ever present in the mind; and for them the soul hungers, even after the marching orders have been given, and the world's advance guard is already in the thick of the combat for epoch-marking victories such as from time to time mark civilization's evolutionary steps. Thus the idealistic poet, even though regarded by the new thought as somewhat of a Philistine, will ever hold a seat in the holiest of holies of many human hearts; will ever be loved more or less alike by critic and artisan, because the songs sung reflect the longing of man's inner nature.

The writings of our idealists may, as the aggressive realist asserts, act as moral anaesthetics at great crises in human history, but they also afford a certain rest and food for even those whose sympathies and work carry them, with irresistible sway, into the ranks of the iconoclastic reformers. To me nothing is more restful or satisfying, after a day of stern battle, than an hour with the poet or dreamer who sees and understands how to picture that which must ever be sacred to the human heart. We all more or less resemble caged birds who struggle for larger freedom and broader vision, and at the present day the beating of wings is particularly active.

Recently, after a week of somewhat exhausting work, not unmingled with canker-eating, petty aggravations, which in themselves are so insignificant, and yet in the aggregate are so fatal to mental equipoise and spiritual harmony; a week in which almost every mail brought letters burdened with the stories of struggles, disappointments, and trials, with hopes deferred and aspirations unrealized (for an editor is much like a clergyman: to him are confided the heartaches and the puzzling problems of thousands of his constituency); a week in which the cruel injustice of prevailing economical conditions and the heartlessness of grasping wealth had been peculiarly strongly impressed by visits to the wretched dens of our slums, I sought rest in my library. Here I chanced to take up Mrs. Moulton's charming volumes of idealistic verses,* and from them I derived much of that subtle, indefinable pleasure one feels who finds a shady retreat in a garden of roses. It is not alone the beauty of the flowers, the rich perfume floating on every breeze, or the melody of the birds, but rather the sum of nature's prodigality which satisfies the wearied soul. So in these charming and unpretentious little fragments of verse, one feels the mingled pleasure gained from pure, deep, poetic powers, married to finished art, and voicing emotions common to all, and held sacred wherever love refines aspiring souls. Few writers in this sternly utilitarian age possess in so marked a degree the rare power of penetrating the depths of the soul, and calling forth half-forgotten dreams as Mrs. Moulton. Her poems are simple, chaste, and for the most part pitched in the minor key. A noble femininity pervades them, giving rare delicacy of thought and expression. For example, note the following exquisite conceit:—

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms,—
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;
Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from elsewhere;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek.
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

* "Swallow Flights" and "In the Garden of Dreams." Two volumes of poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old, —
 Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
 Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
 Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
 Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
 Here you come to tell them, — what an eager shout!
 Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;
 Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little schoolgirl, with your strap of books,
 And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;
 Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
 Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugar plums;
 Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
 Waking up to study with the morning light;
 Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
 Full of contradictions, — I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
 All the world's before you, and the world is wide.
 Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break.
 Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
 Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
 Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
 Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
 All the golden future, just to keep you so.

* * * * *

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
 Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
 Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
 And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;
 All the past I summon as I kiss her brow, —
 Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.
 Though my heart is breaking, yet God's love I know, —
 Safe among the angels, I would keep her so.

The intensity of emotion and power of antithesis in
 thought rather than words, are strikingly illustrated in

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
 Since she went out of the door.
 No footstep shall cross the threshold,
 Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
 And mould and blight on the walls,
 And silence faints in the chambers,
 And darkness waits in the halls, —

Waits, as all things have waited,
Since she went, that day of spring,
Borne in her pallid splendor,
To dwell in the Court of the King,

With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
But they died long, long ago, —
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left, mock the shadows
With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside;
And the winds are merry and wanton
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
Where Love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter
Since she can come in no more.

This, to my mind, is one of the strongest poems written by Mrs. Moulton. The power of imagination and the depth of grief expressed suggest some of the weird verses of Edgar Allan Poe. Mrs. Moulton is not a reformer; the clashing of battle, the marshalling of forces, the bugle's call to action, appeal not to her. There is in her work little of that fervid thought of the moral reformer which leaps forth at white heat from so many of Whittier's verses. Her tastes lie in the idealistic world, where her earnestness and sincerity are almost as marked as her poetical power and artistic skill. Possessing a profoundly religious nature, yet imbued with the scientific spirit of the age, we find in her a woman in perfect touch with the most spiritual element of the new thought. The old-time fear does not terrify her, nor can she boast of the blind, implicit faith which, strange to say, rested serenely on so many brows during the ages when it was the popular belief that millions of God's children were doomed to everlasting flames. She loves and questions, and is not this the spirit-

ual state of thousands of our best thinkers to-day? Here is a characteristic poem, which illustrates the attitude of our author's mind:—

LONG IS THE WAY.

Long is the way, O Lord!
My steps are weak;
I listen for Thy word,—
When wilt Thou speak?

Must I still wander on
Mid noise and strife;
Or go as Thou hast gone,
From life to life?

Below I give two sonnets taken from a cluster of real gems in "Swallow Flights":—

FIRST LOVE.

Time was you heard the music of a sigh,
And love awoke; and with it song was born,—
Song, glad as young bird's carol in the morn,
And tender as the blue and brooding sky
When all the earth feels Spring's warm witchery,
And with fresh flowers her bosom doth adorn;
And lovers love, and cannot love forlorn,
Since love is of the gods, and may not die.

In after years may come some wildering light,—
Some sweet delusion, followed for a space,—
Such fitful fireflies flash athwart the night,
But fade before the shining of that face
Which shines upon you still in death's despite,
Whose steadfast beauty lights till death your days.

ONE DREAD.

No depth, dear love, for thee is too profound;
There is no farthest height thou mayst not dare,
Nor shall thy wings fail in the upper air.
In funeral robe and wreath my past lies bound;
No old-time-voice assails me with its sound
When thine I hear; no former joy seems fair;
And now one only thing could bring despair,
One grief like compassing seas my life surround,
One only terror in my way be met,
One great eclipse change my glad day to night,
One phantom only, turn from red to white
The lips whereon thy lips have once been set:
Thou knowest well, dear Love, what that must be,
The dread of some dark day unshared by thee.

All of Mrs. Moulton's poems are pure and healthy in tone, although she is more often sad than merry, and a spirit of earnest inquiry as to the to-morrow of life pervades many of her best creations, reflecting, I imagine, the heart-hunger of her nature, and, indeed, in this respect also the hunger of the age. As a specimen of this tendency I quote the following from her volume "In a Garden of Dreams." It is a beautiful conceit, and represents a thought met with frequently in this author's prose as well as poetry.

IN A GARDEN.

Pale in the pallid moonlight,
White as the rose on her breast,
She stood in the fair rose-garden,
With her shy young love confest.

The roses climbed to kiss her,
The violets, purple and sweet,
Breathed their despair in the fragrance
That bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender,
Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
Clothed all in white, like the visions
When the living behold the dead.

There with her lover beside her,
With life and with love she thrilled.
What mattered the world's wide sorrow
To her, with her joy fulfilled?

Next year, in the fair rose-garden
He waited alone and dumb,
If, perchance, from the silent country,
The soul of the dead would come

To comfort the living and loving
With the ghost of a lost delight,
And thrill into quivering welcome
The desolate, brooding night.

Till softly a wind in the distance
Began to blow and blow;
The moon bent nearer and nearer,
And solemm, and sweet, and slow

Came a wonderful rapture of music
That turned to her voice at last;
Then a cold, soft touch on his forehead
Like the breath of the wind that passed;

Like the breath of the wind she touched him.
Thin was the voice, and cold,
And something, that seemed like a shadow,
Slipped through his feverish hold.

But the voice had said, "I love you
With my first love and my last ;"
Then again that wonderful music,
And he knew that her soul had passed.

It is this anxious thought, this overmastering desire to *know* what lies beyond the vale, springing from the union of a strongly religious nature with a mind trained in the school of modern scientific inquiry, which gives a certain sombre cast to many of her poems. The interrogation point is often *felt* if not *seen*. This spirit, however, is symptomatic of our age, for we are in a period of religious transition. The mists which were a pillar of fire to our fathers are dissolving before the purpling dawn of a juster and nobler day than humanity has ever known. But as yet the morning has not advanced far enough to give the people a clear vision of the pathway along which, with glad, exultant song, will journey the children of to-morrow. At each new step in the world's progress, humanity is depressed with the same all-pervading doubt, the same uncertainty and fear. This is no less true to-day than it has been in the past. History is replete with striking illustrations of society convulsed with the ague of fear, as from time to time great truths have been discovered which ran counter to conservative thought; and it is fair to suppose that succeeding generations, viewing our present conflict, will marvel that the lifeless shell of the old held in thrall a single aspiring soul, or that we walked so lamely in the glorious light of the new day, even as we wonder how a world could be so blind as to so long refuse the splendid visions of creation given by Copernicus and other torch bearers of truth.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

By the will of my friend Dr. Westland Marston, who died in the January of 1890, I became the possessor of a letter written to him by the author of "Aurora Leigh,"—a letter so interesting and so revealing that I am persuaded I should be selfish in keeping it from the world.

There has been very much discussion concerning the views of both Mr. and Mrs. Browning as regards what is called spiritualism. I have more than once talked with Mr. Browning upon the subject; and he told me, repeatedly, that while he did not deny the possibility of spiritual communication, he had never, in the various "manifestations" he had witnessed, seen anything which proved it to him, or even which strongly inclined him to believe in it.

The letter I am about to quote will prove, not only Mrs. Browning's strong interest in the subject, but, as I think, suggests a certain amount of faith in the very "manifestations" which had left her husband unconvinced and incredulous. However, you shall read it for yourselves, and draw therefrom your own conclusions. It was written in the December of 1853:—

ROME, 43 BOCCA DI LEONE.

My Dear Dr. Marston:—

You will have thought me more unworthy of your kindness than my gratitude makes me, for I have been long in thanking you for your deeply interesting letter. At the time of its reaching me, we were in a state of transition at Florence, preparing for our journey to Rome, and liable to be carried off our feet, from every half-hour's standing-room, by floods of people and things. So I waited to write till we should arrive at Rome; and our arrival here, after an eight days' delightful journey, plunged us into such an abyss of misery,—I mean sympathetical misery, the friends who welcomed us having lost a child a few hours afterwards,—that I have scarcely recovered the use of my own hands and heart ever since.

As to Rome, our first day was spent at a death-bed; our first drive was to a cemetery, though not to see Shelley's grave. I doubt still

whether really it is Rome. The new ruins shut out the old ruins, and the Caesars come to mean nothing by the side of poor little Joe. Then our friends' remaining child, a girl, has been in danger from the same fever, also the children's nurse; and I, who am not always reasonable — no, indeed — “lost my head a little,” said my husband, about my own darling, even though the physicians assured me that the malady is not contagious. Now, at last, we begin to breathe again.

After all, it must be Rome, by the sunshine, and life is not more gloomy and uncertain than it was a thousand years ago. What a compliment, by the way, to our wonderful nineteenth century, which pants and reels under the great lights of the future, recoiling from them, sometimes, because they are strange and new. So we come naturally to the late manifestations.

I am deeply obliged to you, dear Dr. Marston — I, who have no claim to such a confidence — for this valuable and, in many respects, most moving history of your personal experiences, not peculiar, — with certain exceptions, perhaps, in themselves, — not differing much from others which have reached me, but carrying peculiar weight as being yours, and from the manner in which you give the facts, as facts, without *using* them as the confirmatory hemstitch of a preconceived theory.

For theories, we get over no difficulty, it seems to me, by escaping from the obvious inference of an external spiritual agency. When the phenomena are attributed, for instance, to a “second personality, projected unconsciously and attended by an unconscious exercise of volition and clairvoyance,” I see nothing clearly but a convulsive struggle on the part of the theorist to get out of a position he does not like, at whatever expense of kicks against the analogies of God's universe. When all is said, “solve the solution,” we have a right to cry. And although, of course, sensible men in general would rather assert that two and three make four than that spirits have access to them, we, women and poets, cannot be expected to admit that two and three make four without certain difficulties and hesitations on our own side.

Even with respect to the theory which occurs to yourself, you say that sometimes you cannot cleave to it as satisfactory, simply because we don't “live deeper” when we go to Mrs. Hayden. Some of us have sat hour after hour in solitudes and silences God has made for us, listening to the inner life, questioning the depths and heights; yet the table did not tremble and tilt, and we had no “involuntary answers” from the deep of the soul, in raps or mystical sighs, or bell-like sounds against the window. It will have occurred to you, too, on further consideration, that the manifestations have not come, for the most part, through *deep liver*s; and again, that if they came through deeper modes of living, they would be profound in proportion to the profundity of the life; they would scarcely ever be frivolous and commonplace. You escape from no difficulty by your theory.

To my mind, the only light which has been thrown on the manifestations comes from Swedenborg's philosophy, *quoad*, the spiritual

world as to state and relations. This philosophy explains much that is incomprehensible under other systems,—as to the apparent ignorance and infidelity, for instance; the frivolity and stupidity of many of the spirits (so called); the perplexing quantity of personation; and the undeniable mixture of the pure and heavenly with all these.

The Church of Rome has never denied the possible occurrence of the facts, but she strains them (as, indeed, the old church is generally apt to do) to her own conclusions. Do you know that she has an exorcism against a rapping spirit, and that her “seven evidences of possession” include nearly all the forms of mesmerism, and of the present manifestations—“speaking in unknown tongues;” “penetration into thoughts;” “sight at a distance;” “undue physical force;” “the lifting of the body into air,” etc., etc.? In fact, spiritual agency is confounded with satanic agency, which is curious, —more curious than reasonable, I think.

I, myself, have had scarcely any experiences. The little I had was conclusive to myself; but as my husband doubted and denied through it all, I do not venture to dwell upon it to you. Some persons here, not remarkable except for pure intentions and a reverent spirit, had what they considered very satisfying manifestations during six weeks of steady association last winter. I have seen a few of the papers,—good, consistent, here and there beautiful, but *apocalyptic* in no respect. (It is doubtful to me on what principle we should look for apocalypses, by the way.) These persons had communications, both by tilting tables and by the involuntary writing, which last mode seems to me less satisfactory, on the whole, because of the difficulty of discerning between the external suggestions and the echoes in the mind itself. I must tell you that after they had parted at the end of their six weeks’ association, two of the mediums had lying communications. They both concluded that their mediumship was too weak to be exercised apart from association, without danger from false spirits.

Do you not think that if an association of earnest thinkers were to meet regularly with unity of purpose and reverence of mood, they might attain to higher communications? Do you not think they might get at a test to secure them against *personation*, which is the great evil? The Apostle John gives a test, when he has said, “Try the spirits,” in the “General Epistle.”

Should we not have in mind, speaking of difficulties, that there is difficulty on both sides the veil; and that, if this is intercourse, it is not intercourse by *miracle*, in the proper meaning of *miracle*, but by development of law; and that all development must be gradual? We must have patience, then, and remember it is only the beginning. Pray do not throw up the subject by any possible movement of impatience. It is through men like you that it is to be kept from the desecration of charlatans and fanatics, and there must be much to be attained, I hope.

Will you write to me, dear Dr. Marston, if you have further experiences, and will trust them to me? Make me a little more grateful still. My husband calls himself sceptical. Your letter impressed

him much more than any other testimony he has received. He bids me say that he hopes to undo, next year, the wrong we suffered on our last visit to England, of seeing you so little. It is very pleasant to both of us to read the kind things you say. Believe how we feel them back, will you? Give my regards to Mrs. Marston, and accept for her and for your children the warmest of wishing well. Our child is radiant with health and joy just now; but you will imagine how awful a thing it is to have all one's riches in a single coin. Thackeray and his daughters spent an evening with us two days ago. They are to remain three months in Rome. Tell Miss Muloch that we remember her affectionately. Dear Dr. Marston, believe me most truly yours,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

P. S. Somebody told me, the other day, that his wife, who is a delicate person, had been much *benefited* instead of injured in health by the exercise of her mediumship. There seem to be many instances of knowledge conveyed, as testimonies reach me, but we want a wider basis of facts of all kinds, perhaps, before any satisfactory theory can be thrown up. The archbishop of Pisa has forbidden scientific lectures on the subject, even to the lecturers who attempted a physical solution.

E. B. B.

The child to whose death Mrs. Browning refers with such tender sympathy was the first-born son of W. W. Story, the sculptor. I do not know who were the group of mediums who had just then been startling Roman Catholic Rome with their mysterious powers, nor do I know to what especial "manifestations" Dr. Marston had referred in the letter to which Mrs. Browning's was a reply. But I do know that Dr. Marston had, before his death, stranger and stronger reason to believe in spiritualism than any one else whom I have ever met, were it only in the literal fulfilment of the singular prediction that he himself would outlive all his children,—a group of distinctly healthy young people at the time when this prediction was given. When this prophecy had been fulfilled, and the bereft old man sat alone by his solitary fireside, he fully believed that from out the world of mystery a hand was reached to clasp his own, and that a beloved voice breathed into his ear such words of tenderness and of hope as alone made his sad life possible. Was it that his imagination deluded him, because it was the imagination of a poet, or was it that to a poet's finely attuned soul more things are possible than are dreamed of in the duller philosophy of the average man? Who knows?

THE PENDING PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

I.

A REPUBLICAN: GAIL HAMILTON.

IN the impalpable ether wherein if not whereon humanity exists, principles, opinions, tastes, tendencies, float aimlessly, —an intellectual cosmic dust, a nebulous mental haze,—till, not suddenly, though often with apparent suddenness, the floating energy concentrates with startling definiteness. The lazily shifting particles organize to an end. If it is a religious nebula, a new creed is formed, and a new church is founded; if political, a new platform is laid, and a new party established; if social as well, whole families cleave off from the old community, and a new state is born.

“There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

But the creeds themselves are the fruits of honest doubt. Creeds—and platforms which are the creeds of politics—are the precipitated truths which have been held in the solution of years, perhaps of centuries; and no sooner are they once formed, than, in the eternal procession of thought, they develop; they become encrusted, they explode, in an endless chain of dissolutions and reorganizations. Platforms are wiser than creeds in this; they know that they are temporal. Creeds think themselves eternal. Platforms change every year or so of set purpose, thus adapting themselves to every present need. Creeds cohere with such tenacity that their changing is like an earthquake shock. While, therefore, creeds are content with no apparent adequate results, if only they may go on smoothly, platforms demand immediate victory. The Republican Party should elect the next president because he alone is the one who stands on the platform which represents the present purposes of the Republican Party.

A wise saw was very much in vogue with sawyers a few

years ago: "The politician thinks of the next election; the statesman, of the next age."

This is an admirable adage for him to fall back on who loses the next election, because he can thus see himself springing up in the future crop of statesmen; but the next age has a very poor showing without the next election. We may guard ourselves from despair by thought of the future; but we may not acquit ourselves from the guilt of ignorance, or indifference, or indolence. If we fall, it is a help for us to rise again; but we are not riding for a fall. The next step is the one which vitally concerns us, and for which we are responsible. The step after the next waits for the next. The next president is the man of our platform. The next age will have its own candidates and its own creeds. Through the coming election, with its seed and its fruitage, we win or lose the coming age.

Men inveigh against party government, party feeling, party spirit, and doubtless these are to be exercised in moderation; that is, with intelligence and discrimination. But in party government I can see nothing but popular government, the orderly rule of the majority, which is the essence of Republican government.

Party spirit, party feeling, are the enthusiasm of the majority. When that enthusiasm has waxed strong and fervid enough to fuse prejudice into power, and truth becomes action, the result is party government. What else should it be? If the majority ceases to be patriotic and becomes tyrannical, the free minority swells speedily into a majority and strikes it down, and the world moves on as before. There is no check upon excesses like a strong, intelligent, and watchful popular opposition.

Party government, so far from being an evil, seems to me the highest form of government yet attained. In an absolute autocracy, if such a thing could be, one man rules all men. In a republic each man rules all men a little. Each man voluntarily yields a little of his self-sovereignty to the combined power, that he may retain the greater part intact. Thus the points on which all agree are advocated with ultimately irresistible force.

If men do not believe strongly enough in these points, if political measures do not seem to them of sufficient importance, political principles of sufficient significance to be put

into practice as soon as the opportunity comes, then their belief is no belief at all, but a lazy lurch of the mind towards some vague conjecture; is not the virile grasp of the mind upon a principle.

"Where are you going?" asked the conductor of an Old Colony train, on receiving from his passenger a New York ticket. "To New York," was the calm reply. "No, you are not; you have taken the wrong train. You are going to Hyannis." "Oh! well," replied the tranquil passenger, "I just as lief go to Hyannis!"

Such indifference to immediate destination is not the way to party success; and success, though not the be-all, is the end-all of party. He serves his party best who serves his country best, is true, — strictly and nobly true; but it is just as true if you turn it around and say, He serves his country best who serves his party best, and it is a more pointed and practical truth. We arrive at the largest results only by small efforts. The general is wrought by the particular rather than the particular by the general. "Genius," says Eastman Johnson, "is days' works."

Every intelligent and patriotic Republican will organize his best wish and aspiration for his country into as high a platform as men of his thinking can be brought to occupy; and from the moment of such organization until the day of election, he will work steadily and faithfully to incorporate these principles into the nation's life, and to install the men who represent them in the nation's service.

II.

A SOUTHERN DEMOCRAT: HON. WM. T. ELLIS,
M. C. FROM KENTUCKY.

The platform adopted by the Republican Party at Minneapolis and that adopted by the Democratic Party at Chicago, last month, briefly but accurately define the primary policies and doctrines of these rival political organizations. The slightest consideration of these official party documents makes obvious the lines upon which Republicanism and Democracy separate. Insisting upon directly opposite constructions of the Federal Constitution, their creeds are not merely conflicting, but irreconcilable, and can no more be made to harmonize than parallel straight lines can be made

to coincide. Mr. Hamilton's exposition of the Constitution is accepted by the Republican Party as the correct interpretation of that instrument, while that of Mr. Jefferson constitutes both the written and the unwritten law of Democracy. The opposite teachings and tendencies of these two political parties being understood, the reason why the next president should be a Democrat ought to be apparent, not only to those who accept with unfaltering trust the principles of Democracy, but to all who, uninfluenced by party bias, accept the dogma that ours is a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." The issue involved in the pending presidential campaign is not a mere empty contest for party success, a scramble for official patronage, or a controversy carried on for the personal triumph or glorification of a favorite candidate. On the contrary, it is a great battle for the triumph of principles affecting the well-being of every American citizen; principles which should alone influence the elector in giving his suffrage to the one party and withholding it from the other. While it is true that under our written Constitution the chief executive has no power to repeal a vicious law or write a wise one on our statute books, he is clothed with powers which make it possible for him, not only to defeat unwise and unjust legislation, but to enforce an honest and efficient administration, as well in the judicial and legislative, as in the executive department of the government. With a conscientious and courageous Democrat in the White House, it would be a difficult task for the Republican Party, though it controlled both branches of Congress, to crystallize into law that which did not meet the approval of both the judgment and the conscience of the chief executive. If the Democratic Party had elected its president in 1888, the wasteful expenditures of the public money, the vicious tariff legislation, the unconstitutional granting of subsidies and bounties, which constitute the chief claim of the Fifty-first Congress to a place in our political history, would have been defeated. The two McKinley tariff acts, framed, not for the purpose of raising revenues, but to enable certain favored classes to increase the profits of their business, and multiply their dividends by arbitrarily levying unjust and cruel assessments on the public, would not have become law. The veto which a Democratic president would certainly have interposed would have averted

the calamity which the tariff legislation of 1890 inflicted on the country. The election of a Democratic president in November would not only be a protest against the tariff legislation of 1890, but a demand for its repeal, and a readjustment of the whole revenue system on a basis that would impose the burdens of government equally upon all according to the ability of each to pay. The importance of the controversy which the Democratic and Republican parties have conducted with so much vigor, respecting the correct theory of tariff legislation, cannot well be exaggerated; but this does not constitute the whole, or even the most important of the public questions on which they differ. That the Federal government is one of limited authority, that all powers not expressly or by fair implication conferred upon it by the instrument which created it, rest with the states, and that the government should do nothing for the people which they can do for themselves, are among the elementary principles of Democracy. The soundness of these principles is broadly challenged by all the teachings and practices of the Republican Party. The tendency of that party, as uniformly reflected in its legislation throughout its entire history, has been to the centralization of all powers in the government at Washington, the control and management of the affairs of the individual citizen, the regulation of suffrage, the supervision and control of all elections. Subverting the power conferred by the Constitution to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, excises, and to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States," the Republican Party assumes the right, not only to restrict, but to prohibit trade and commerce between the people of this and other countries, and to aid by subsidies and bounties individual enterprise. According to the theory of the Republican Party, the Federal government is supreme, the powers and rights of the states are not only subordinate to those of the general government, but must, in every case, acknowledge the supremacy of Federal authority. If the statute of a state is in conflict with a Federal statute, no matter to what subject it relates, it must yield to the higher and stronger power of the Federal government. The class legislation, paternalism, and tendency to centralized government, which have uniformly marked the policy of the Republican Party, have resulted, not only in paralyzing the energies

of the producing classes, and in a disparity in the distribution of wealth that finds few parallels in history, but, in the opinion of many thoughtful people, have become a standing menace to civil liberty. That these abuses and evil practices will not be reformed by the party that inaugurated and maintains them, is certain. The election of a Democrat in November to the highest office in the gift of the American people would indicate a fixed purpose on their part to arrest the tendencies to centralized power, and to return to "a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another; shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned," which the founder of Democracy aptly defined to be "the sum of good government."

III.

A NORTHERN DEMOCRAT: HON. GEO. FRED WILLIAMS, M. C. FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

It is entirely possible that a party may nominate a candidate who is not in himself a representative of the party's principles. The answer to your question must assume that no man will be nominated for the presidency who is a mere politician, nominated for his ability to conceal his own opinions, or to so far compromise upon every great question that he may not offend any one who has decided views upon the issues of the day.

The people will no longer tolerate such a nomination, and the candidate now required will be distinctively a representative of the policy of the party.

There is but one real question for the campaign—the tariff. Whether on the Republican side the policy contained in the McKinley bill and represented by President Harrison, shall be maintained, or an apparent concession shall be made to tariff reform sentiment in the form of reciprocity, the Democratic candidate must stand, in either event, upon the same ground; to wit, distinct and unequivocal opposition to the protective idea, a denial that laws should be enacted, or allowed to stand which maintain one industry by contributions from another.

It was never clearer than at the present time that the attack of the Democracy must no longer be scattered upon schedules or wasted in skirmishing. The single-bill policy, so called, of the present congress, has proved, as it was bound to prove, a lamentable failure, because it was directed, not to the interests of the consumer at large and the triumph of a principle, but merely to flesh-wounding a system which must be pierced through its vitals.

There seems to be no argument applying to wool which does not apply equally to iron, lumber, or any other of the staple products, and nothing short of a direct attack upon the whole list will gain the confidence of the people, or pull down the fabric of favoritism which has been erected upon the protective foundation. Till the Democratic Party takes this ground squarely it will ever be in an attitude of apology, and its policy be subject to local interests and conditions.

A million majority was obtained in 1890 in opposition to McKinleyism, and yet McKinleyism is firmly and unswervingly the policy of Republicanism to-day. The system is to be defended in its entirety, and, as plainly shown in the sugar-bounty legislation, every protected industry is to be treated as morally and legally entitled to continued contribution from the public. The party is distinctly Bourbon in its tariff policy, and neither reciprocity nor any other subterfuge will enable it to mask its position. It can hardly expect, without a change of policy, to regain the loss of 1890 except upon the mistakes of its opponent. The mistake upon which it could best depend would be a vacillating and doubtful policy on the part of the democracy. If we have the courage of our faith, the next president will be a democrat.

The question next in importance is the monetary question, and there are two phases of it which should be considered. This nation will not elect a president who would sign a free coinage bill, and thereby take upon his administration the risk of such a policy, which even many of the radical silver men are inclined to admit to be enormous. Free coinage is not a danger which depends on the presidential contest. What, then, is the future of the monetary question?

First, as to silver legislation. The Republican Party is logically bound to grant that which it has been the final

aspiration of every silver mine owner to secure; to wit, the free and unlimited coinage of the American product. The "mine owning" section of the free coinage force is interested alone in giving value, or better, price to silver bullion. It is not interested, as is the other "inflation" section, in adding to the volume of the currency.

It is a matter of indifference to the mine owners by what means the end is accomplished, so long as the American people can be compelled to pay one dollar and twenty-nine and a half cents an ounce for their eighty-seven cent silver. Some of the poor mines cannot make a profit at the present price, and, applying the Republican idea, the people should enact laws for these faithful Republican states whereby they may be able to produce silver at a fair profit.

No one is satisfied with the law of 1890. Even the banking interests are at present clamoring for its repeal. Some of the Republican leaders anticipate that the silver question may ultimately take the form of "free coinage of the American product," and there is no reason to believe that any Republican president would not sign such a bill. The Democratic Party, however, would furnish hardly a vote to such a scheme. Mr. Bland himself, and substantially all the Democratic free-silver advocates, are opposed upon principle to such legislation. Its only chance is with a Republican congress and president; a Democratic president would be a guaranty against it.

The further phase of the monetary question is the possibility and the probability of a solution of the present financial difficulties by a well-considered scheme of banking. The Republican party has stood firmly by the National Bank Act, and it is fair to assume that no initiative legislation can be expected from them in the direction of an amended bank system. Many leading Democratic financiers and politicians are, however, now earnestly studying the banking question with a view to framing a party policy upon such a basis. There is indeed a fair prospect that many of the popular disturbances and demands may be allayed in this way, but it can be only through the agency of Democratic control, and that control can be best exercised through a president who will announce as his administrative policy some well-considered scheme to remedy the defects in our present banking laws.

IV.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY: HON. JAMES H. KYLE,
U. S. SENATOR FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

Political parties are the expression of public sentiment in the conduct of government, and in general the policy of government should be in accord with the sentiment of the people. But through ignorance and partisan idolatry, it sometimes occurs that a policy is adopted which is advantageous to the few and detrimental to the interests of the masses; that presidents are elected who are not of the people, and who have little regard for them in the shaping of public affairs.

Since the founding of the government our citizens have generally been divided into two parties, representing opposite views as to certain rights and privileges under the Constitution. The followers of Hamilton, known as "loose constructionists" and politically as Federalists, National Republicans, and Whigs, to-day control the government through the Republican Party. The followers of Jefferson, known as "strict constructionists" and politically as Republicans till 1828, have since then been known as Democrats, or the party of the people.

In all governments the lines are clearly drawn in contests of the same character. There are two parties upon political questions, as there are two parties to any contest. But, as is generally true, it is a contest of the people for their rights against privileged classes. Under different commanders and under different conditions, the battle is being waged to-day in Germany, France, England, and the United States, but it is the same contest for the rights of labor.

Political platforms are supposed to be expressions of opinion as to prominent and important questions before the people. These are often fundamental and serious, and lead to an honest political contest. But the impression is now quite universal that for twenty-five years political parties have evaded the fundamental questions, and have manufactured sham contests upon local and sectional issues. There is but one issue before the American people to-day, and that is the financial problem.

The money power has long known this; the people have

just discovered it. We behold the apparently contradictory facts. A nation rapidly accumulating wealth, and a people rapidly growing poorer; the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, and millions of noble toilers daily paying tribute; the money power protected, and the burden of taxation upon the poor increased. Through the manipulation of our currency these financiers dominate politics, and labor is dethroned. Such is the problem that now confronts us. It is the most important in history, and the life of the republic is threatened. Yet both the old parties, by presidential nomination and by platform, ignore and thrust aside any issue which might antagonize the money power. Upon the great financial issue they are one. The rank and file are enlisted under different names, but the money power constitutes the managing head of both. Money brokers of the great financial centres have no politics. They vote for their interests, and they have considered themselves extremely fortunate during the past twenty years in that they have dictated the presidential nomination and the financial platform of both the Democratic and Republican parties. They have systematically furnished each with a liberal campaign fund, and then quietly enjoyed witnessing the heat of campaigns, being assured that their interests at least were secure.

Third parties never exist unless there be occasion for them. For many years there has been a restless feeling amongst the people because their interests were not recognized in legislation. These sentiments have at different times crystallized into political parties with platforms. The party names have died, but the sentiments have lived, and have found expression in the greatest labor convention of the age. These declarations cannot be cried down or ridiculed out of existence by holding them up to scorn. New parties are born when the time is ripe for their coming. When new problems arise of vital moment to the nation, and there is no reasonable hope of solution by existing parties, and when the people rise up naturally and spontaneously, the rational and opportune time has arrived for independent action. From the present attitude of the Republican and Democratic parties toward these reforms of to-day, there does not appear to be a ray of hope. Promises have been repeatedly broken, and platforms have degenerated into meaningless platitudes; while a suffering people have patiently witnes- ed

the fruits of their toil vanish, and their condition grow more wretched. Believing these economic facts as they do, there is ample and urgent reason for the choice by the people of an executive who shall be free from money control, and who, on the issues of to-day, will represent the mass of our population. The People's Party represents in its formation the toilers—the wealth producers—of the republic. They are the largest class and the best class of our population: our defence in war and our safeguard in peace. They know no North or South. Sectional hatred is buried in the presence of living questions of the day. They are united in a common purpose, and in the welfare of a common country. Upon the platform of the People's Party the North and the South will clasp hands, standing against a common enemy and in defence of those principles which insure a prosperous and enduring nation.

THE DANGER OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE EDUCATED CLASS IN A REPUBLIC.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

EDUCATION, using the word in its restricted scholastic sense, is always productive of restlessness and discontent, unless education, in its practical relations to life, furnishes an outlet and safety valve for the whetted and strengthened faculties. Mere mental gymnastics are unsatisfactory after the first flush of pleasurable excitement produced in the mind newly awakened to its own capabilities.

There seems to be something within us which demands that our knowledge be in some way applied, and that the logic of thought find fruition in the logic of events. The moment the laborers of the country found time and opportunity to whet their minds, they also developed a vast and persistent unrest—a dissatisfaction with the order of things which gave to them the tools with which to carve a fuller, broader life, but had not yet furnished the material upon which they might work. Their plane of thought was raised, their outlook was expanded, their possibilities multiplied; but the materials to work with remained the same. Their status and condition clashed with their new hopes and needs. This state of things produced what we call "labor troubles," with all their complications. Capital and labor had no contest until labor became (to a degree) educated.

If—"in those good old days"—labor was not satisfied, it did not know how to make the fact very clearly understood. Capital smiled and patronized labor, and labor smiled and said it was quite content to work for so kind a master. It was safer to do that way—in those good old days. Then, too, so long as labor's wits had not been sharpened, so long as the laborer had not learned the relative values of things, perhaps he was content. Certainly he was far more so than he is to-day.

It is well that, in his present state of angry unrest, he feels that he has but to organize and elect his own represent-

atives to help enact just and repeal unjust laws as they bear upon his own immediate needs. But for this outlet to his feelings and this hope for his own future, the labor troubles would be troubles indeed, and every additional book read by labor, every new schoolhouse built for labor, would but add flame to fire. But education brings with it — when taken into practical life — a certain sense of the responsibilities of life and of the relations of things.

The laborer begins to argue, "Am not I partly responsible for my own condition? Is not my salvation in my own hands and in the hands of my fellows? We are units in our own government. We are in the majority numerically, and we are, therefore, at least partially responsible for not only what we do, but for that which is done to us."

It is this feeling that sobers and steadies while it inspires the so-called working classes to-day.

If, with their present enlightenment, ambitions, and needs, laboring men felt themselves wholly irresponsible for the present or future legislation, riots and lawlessness would be the inevitable result. A sense of responsibility alone makes educational development safe either in individuals or in classes.

Witness the truth of this in the lives of the "gilded youths" of all countries whose sharpened wits are not steadied by or applied in any useful occupations. The results are disastrous to themselves and to those who fall under their sway or influence.

Broadened ambitions, sharpened mental capacities, developed intellectuality, demand corresponding outlets and responsibilities. Lacking these, education is but an added danger. Especially is this true in a republic where the theory of legal and political equality is held. At the present time there are but two wholly irresponsible classes in our republic — Indians and women.

I place the Indians first because it has recently been decided in South Dakota that if an Indian (male) will "accept land in severalty," he thereby becomes a sovereign, and is henceforth presumed to have sufficient interest in the welfare of his government and the stability of affairs in general to entitle him to be looked upon as a desirable citizen, capable of legislating and desiring to legislate wisely for the public weal.

Since the government has not yet come to believe that any amount of land in severalty entitles women to so much confidence, and since the lack of responsibility develops in woman, as in man, a reckless and wanton spirit, we have the spectacle of this irresponsible element taking property laws into its own hands, and proudly destroying in public the belongings of other people, and the grave spectacle of courts of law which will not or dare not enforce the law for their punishment.

The due recognition of property rights is one of the earliest developments of personal, legal, and political responsibility. The negro notoriously disregarded these when his own human rights and individual responsibility were unrecognized. His desires were likely to be the measure of your loss. He is not the light-fingered being that he was. Mine and thine have a new meaning for him since—for the first time in his life—"thine" has any meaning to his one time master.

He is also beginning to look to his ballot for his safety and to himself to work out his future status, whereas one day his legs were his sole dependence when trickery or blandishment failed him. Woman still depends—where she wishes to compass an end—upon blandishment, deception, or a type of force which she believes will not or cannot be resented in the way it would unquestionably be resented if offered by men. A body of respectable men in a quiet community do not calmly walk into another man's business house, and without process of law destroy his property. Their sense of personal and legal and political responsibility is a most effective police force; and no matter how rabid a prohibitionist John Smith is, he does not collect a band of otherwise respectable men about him and proceed to destroy—with praise and prayer as an accompaniment—the belongings of his neighbor.

No; he goes to a legal infant and a political non-existent, and gets her to do it if it is to be done. He knows that to her the limit of responsibility is the verge of her desires on this question. He knows that she recognizes no right of property in a beverage she does not approve and a traffic she hopes to destroy. He knows that her sense of helplessness within the law—where she has no voice—gives her that reckless spirit of the political non-existent of all classes,

which finds its revenge in lawlessness so long as it may not hope to have a voice in lawfulness. While woman was uneducated and wholly a dependant, there was little danger from her. She had too much at stake, in a purely physical sense. Then, too, she had not reasoned out the logical sequence between the pretension that a republic of political equals before the law exists, while in fact one half of that republic has no political status whatever and no voice in the laws they obey. Uneducated and wholly dependent as woman was, this was safe enough. Educated and to a degree financially independent, as she now is, she is a menace to social order so long as she stands without legal responsibility or political outlet for the expression of her opinions and desires in matters of government.

So long as her only means of expression on the subject of the liquor traffic is a hatchet and prayer, she will use both, and we will have the shocking spectacle, witnessed a little over a year ago, of a court refusing to even fine those who committed as clear and wanton an outrage on property rights as often finds record.

The steady sense of personal and mental responsibility can develop only under such responsibility. Man passed through the stage of regulative and prohibitive thought, and learned the true significance and value of liberty only by its possession. By being responsible he learned the folly and danger of undue restrictive legislation, and the utter futility of the attempt to legislate taste, moral sense, and lofty ideals (i. e., his personal taste and ideals) into his neighbors.

He also learned the futility and danger of lawless raids upon those who were not of his way of thinking as to what they should eat or drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed. Woman will have to learn the same important lesson in the same way. She will abuse the personal rights and liberties of others who disagree with her (now that she is educated and has the power) unless she is steadied, given legal and political responsibility, and held to the same account for her acts as are her brothers. Being helpless within the law,—having no means of expression nor of making her will and opinions felt, having no voice in municipal or governmental management,—she has begun to find lawless outlet for her newly acquired talents and intel-

lectual activity. She is playing the part of border "regulator" and lobbyist — two very dangerous and degrading roles in the hands of an educated but unrepresented class.

It has been argued, by men who are otherwise favorable to woman suffrage, that to grant the ballot to woman would be to yield up, upon the altar of fanaticism and narrow personal desires, much of the liberty for which man has fought and struggled. They argue that women do not stop to consider whether they have the right to interfere with what others do, but that they only ask whether they like the thing done.

The argument goes further and asserts that women only want the ballot that they may restrict the liberty of other people, pass prohibitory, sumptuary, and religious laws; and that the ballot in the hands of woman means a return to a union of church and state, and the meddlesome, personal legislation of the type known to us as Blue Laws.

It is no doubt true that there are many half-developed thinkers among women who demand the ballot, who desire political power for these petty reasons. It is also undoubtedly true that many of these would travel the same road trodden by their fathers before them, and learn political wisdom slowly and only after a struggle with their own narrow ideas of liberty, which means their own liberty to restrict and regulate the liberty of other people.

It may be readily admitted, I say, that woman will make some of the same mistakes, political, religious, and sociological, that have been made by men in the reach after a better way; but what has taught thoughtful men wisdom? What has broadened the conception of political liberty? What taught men the danger and folly of religious and restrictive (sumptuary) legislation? What but experience and responsibility?

Nothing so steadies the hasty and narrow judgment as power, coupled with the recognition that responsibility for the use of that power is sure to be demanded.

Many a man will advise, as secret lobbyist, what he would not do in open legislature. Many a man in private life asserts that "If I were judge or president," or what not, so and so should not be done. When the power and responsibility once rests upon him, his outlook is broadened, and he recognizes that he would endanger a far more sacred principle were he to adhere to his plan.

This holds true with woman. With her newly acquired intellectual and financial power she is seeking an outlet for her capacities. She sees certain municipal and governmental ills. Having no direct power of expression, no legal, political status in a country which claims to have no political classes, she does what all disqualified, irresponsible, dissatisfied classes of men have done before her when deprived of equal opportunity with their fellows: she seeks by subterfuge (indirection) or lawlessness to compass that which she may not attempt lawfully and which, had she the steadying influence and discipline of responsibility and power, she would not do.

Inexperience, coupled with irresponsibility and a lax sense of the rights of others, always did and always will produce tyrants.

Unite this naturally produced and inevitable social and political condition and outlook with the developed mental capacities and consequent restless, undirected, and unabsorbed ambition of the women of to-day, and we have a dangerous lobby — working in secret by indirection and without open responsibility for their words, deeds, or influence — to handle in our republic.

THE COMING BROTHERHOOD.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

THE synonym for knight is "chevalier"—that comes from the French "cheval," a horse, because the chevalier was a soldier and rode on horseback. Those who tilled the ground were called villains; they went afoot, and were also termed "clodhoppers." The knights thought themselves of great account, because they could gallop off to the wars on horseback; for war was the aristocratic profession, and labor was something very low down. But the good Book predicts the time when men shall "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." In these latter days, the word "knight" has been joined with "labor," and thus has been formed the right relationship. The true knight, the true chevalier, the true gentleman, is the one who works, and not the one who goes off fighting and killing people, and devastating the world. We once required war, but in the process of evolution have come to a better civilization, and something of worth has been done for the country in giving it the idea of the "knight" as part and parcel of the "labor," bringing those two words which have been opposites, into one thought, and proving that the laboring man can be a true gentleman, in all that goes to make up the beautiful significance of that word.

Many and urgent are the questions that the working men and women of to-day must help to decide. But whatever may be said of methods in general, and of special methods, as "strikes," in particular, as a temperance woman, I am confident that the best strike is to strike against the saloon, and then to strike against all politicians and parties that do wrong to the workingmen. Those are the two strikes that will pay.

There are enough saloons in America, if they were set in a row, to keep one company without a break, along a street reaching from Chicago to New York. In the eleven mountain states of the Union, in the West, there is a saloon for

every forty-three voters. The boycott of the saloon is the greatest thing and the most helpful thing that has ever come to the Knights of Labor, or any similar organization. In one of the towns of Illinois, a banker put his private mark on the money he paid out on Saturday night to the wage-workers of the town who patronized his bank; and on Monday night, of the seven hundred dollars paid out and marked privately, over three hundred dollars had come back to him from the saloons of that town! There is nothing that cramps, belittles, and dwarfs the possibilities of the labor movement in America like the saloons; and some guilds of workingmen show that they know this, by boycotting the saloons and all liquor dealers, not allowing them to be counted with reputable men, whose work brings back a good return.

Legitimate traffic is like the oak tree; in its branches the birds gather and make their pleasant music; under its shade the weary herds and flocks find rest and shelter. There is scarcely anything living that cannot get good out of an oak tree. It is like legitimate industry; every other industry is benefited and helped by it. But the liquor traffic is like the upas tree, forsaken by every living thing, because it is the deadly foe of every living thing, and drips not dew, but poison. The labor question is a mighty issue, but wage-workers would do well to study with it the temperance question; they would remember that nine hundred millions a year are expended by our people in America across the counters of the saloons and in the liquor traffic,—nine hundred million dollars, to say nothing of the money that is lost by those who would be at work except for the temptation of the saloon.

If the women of the nation had the ballot, they and the good men of the nation would hold the balance of power. As white-ribboners, we believe that these great reforms must come in through the ballot box. We believe that because they are physically weaker, women, by the very instinct of self-protection, are the enemy of the liquor shops, because the manly arm that was meant to be their protection, when uncontrolled by the guiding brain and frenzied by alcohol, becomes their dread. We believe it makes no difference whether a woman is Protestant or Catholic, whether she is black or white, cultured or ignorant, native or foreign-

born; but that, as a rule, women, for the sake of protection for themselves, their children, and their homes, stand solidly against the dram shop. We believe that prohibition will come whenever woman has the ballot. In Washington they gave women the ballot, and it was such a terror to the saloon-men that they worked away with the Supreme Court, and finally succeeded in making out that they had left out some punctuation mark, or else some little word, in the name the bill, and so the Supreme Court said that the bill was not legal. What happened? There were bonfires and rejoicings in all the cities and towns and villages of Washington. There were bells ringing, not the bells in the steeples, but the ding-donging of all the old cow-bells and sheep-bells they could get. There was beer to be had on tap, furnished free by the saloon-keepers, and a great jubilee from one end of the state to the other. Who got it up? The saloons. Why did they get it up? It was their celebration of the deplorable loss by women of the ballot. Tell us what the liquor-men are afraid of, and the temperance people want it, and it is sure to be a safeguard of the home.

The workingmen are going to give us prohibition by their votes—but after they have driven the nail, they will need the hammer of woman's ballot to rap it into place, so that it will hold strong, steady, and sure.

Another vital issue in the labor question is the wages of women.

“Alas! that gold should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!”

We read about women who make twelve shirts for seventy-five cents, and furnish their own thread, in Chicago; about women that finish off an elegant cloak for four cents; about children that work twelve hours a day for a dollar a week; about some women who are glad to get the chance that offers six cents for four hours' work. Things like that our papers are full of, and other things too bad to describe. It is pitiful to read words like these: “We have six children at home; I give all my money to mother. Father is a builder, and is laid off for the best part of the year, and I don't have a cent for myself; I give it for meat and groceries. My sister is younger than I. She works on neckties. Fun? You ask me if I have fun? I've no time for it. I'd a

great deal rather be a boy. They have a better time. They keep their money. Girls have to give up all they make to the home folks."

Now, many people say they do not believe in a paternal government. But we believe in a paternal and a maternal government, and that if a few more women had something to do with affairs, there would not be so many white slaves in Chicago, New York, and all along shore.

The women's clubs can do something in this line. If they would hold a convention on the subject of white slaves, if they would work up a petition to city councils, something would come of it. Let the petition ask that there shall be women appointed as inspectors; that there shall be a municipal ordinance, providing that in a given city there shall be women to serve without salary, — well-to-do women, who would much better invest their time in this manner than to swing in hammocks and read story books, — to be appointed to visit these places where women work, and to make official reports to the municipal authorities. Then let the workingmen, who have the majority in every city, demand that there shall be a fire escape to every building where there are wage-workers, instead of having them piled in and killed and burned as thoughtlessly as if they were so many sardines in a box. Then let it be put down, as another section of that law, that there shall be just so many in a room of a certain size, and no more. Why, in some places, the girls are told they must take short threads; for if they don't, their needles will go into the eyes of the those who sit in front! Then the law should provide that they shall have their lunch-room, and not be obliged to stand up, huddled together like so many sheep, to nibble away at their lunch; also that they shall have an hour, and not a half-hour, at noon, and that there shall be the best sanitary conditions and conveniences.

But the law is nothing unless you have an enforcer. Let the women enforce the laws; and let the men and women sitting in their clubs and saying what a wonderful country this is, that a woman can dress so cheaply, that the sewing machine has made such a difference that you hardly have anything to pay for your clothes, and have so much more time and money to improve your mind — let those women know how it is they get their collars and cuffs so cheap; let them look into the wan faces of the women who make these

garments and receive these prices for their work. Women are too good hearted to tolerate all this, if they once know the cause. Bring them face to face with the situation, and they will soon work up such a public opinion that the rates and hours of wages will be changed for the better.

Already much has been done in the way of having a police matron at every police station. Before this, women were arrested by whom? By men. Tried by whom? By men. Sentenced by whom? By juries of men. And taken to the Bridewell by whom? By men. They never saw anybody but men. It came into the hearts of women who had never thought of it before, "Now, why don't we have some woman at the police station, to be kind and friendly to these women?" The point gained in Chicago, the agitation spread to other cities, and success was ours in almost every large city of the nation.

If temperance women could inaugurate all that, what could all the women's societies, united, do for the white slaves of Chicago and other cities?

In order to get your minds stirred up, by way of remembrance, read "The Prisoners of Poverty," by Helen Campbell. When I was in Boston, in the winter of 1888, I read in the papers that some of the professors of Harvard University had been having a great deal of talk with a socialist. His name was Laurence Gronlund. He was a Dane, and those men said he was the most sensible socialist they ever saw. Many think every socialist an anarchist, but here was one who was most reputable! I had the pleasure of an interview with him, and I was wonderfully interested in his ideas. He said to me, "People generally will not read my book, because it is dry; but there's a wonderfully gifted man who has put my book into a story, and the name is 'Looking Backward.'" So I read that; and Edward Bellamy, its author, says that from the year 2000 he looked backward to the year 1887, and he saw, from that blessed and wonderful time, the terrible condition we are in now; he tells what might be done, as if it had really happened. Of course there are characters in the story, and there's a spice of romance, and all that; but it is to me a wonderful book. I do not see why what is in it should not some day come to pass. If men would say, "Let us have no enmity, let us have no outrage, let us have mutualism, let us have collectivism,

let us have arbitration, let us have co-operation instead of the wage system, and let it come, not by revolution, but by evolution," I think it might be slowly but steadily wrought out. The best part of this evolution will be the little white papers dropped into the ballot box. That is the way it is to be done.

Away in San Francisco some men got up a Bible class to study Christ's Sermon on the Mount. They had been conning in the Epistles that part where it said, "Servants, obey your masters," "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands," and all that went very nicely; but when they began to take up the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," that was hard-tack; it broke their teeth, spiritually speaking. Then came, "He that would have you go with him a mile, go with him twain," "To him that smites you on the right cheek, turn the left," "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away," "Give, and it shall be given to you," "Lend, hoping to receive nothing again,"—at this the Bible class adjourned, and they said of the Bible-class teacher (who really thought this meant what it said, and took it literally), that he was a crank, and they wouldn't go any longer to such a Bible class. So they went home, justified in their own conceit, as John Habberton tells us in one of his bright books.

Workingmen are reading the New Testament. They are in these days studying about that wonderful character, the Carpenter's Son. They are learning about His ideal of brotherhood, and what kind of a world we could make this, if we set out on the principles that He taught, and on the principles that He lived. I am glad that they are studying the temperance question, studying the woman question, and studying the New Testament. They are thinking whether we could not make a Heaven out of this world. There are rich men who find that it is for their interest to have a great big "trust," and a great big "monopoly." Perhaps the people will some time discover that two can play that game. The people may find that the trust, with "We, Us & Co." for its name, might make things go into a sort of brotherhood in this country, and that it could be brought about through the ballot box.

Work is getting to be aristocratic; and not to work, dis-

honorable. It is not uncharitable to say that a person who does nothing is a drone in the hive, and does not amount to anything; it is the sweat of the brain and the sweat of the brow that make us Somebody, with a capital S, instead of Nobody, with a capital N. Then let us be glad that we are workers with God, who never ceases in His benefactions. We live in a world where every insect and bird and living creature is always doing something, because to do something is to be happy; and so, when the time comes that the true aristocrats shall make the world something like a home, and not altogether like a desert; when they come to their kingdom; when they have the opportunity for the culture of their minds, as well as the development of their hands, which they ought to have; when there are no grades in society, except grades of moral excellence, grades of industry, grades of intellectual nobility; when there is no wealth that makes aristocracy, but when what we are, what we have done, fixes our places in the world, then I believe we shall see the world that Christ came to create. We are going to see it far sooner than we think, because we are living in a time when ideas travel almost as quickly as a flash of lightning. Every throb of sympathy from the heart toward the "white slaves," every outraged sense of justice that ever stirred a human heart, has helped to bring about this great time of deliverance. We have talked about charity. I am glad to live in a day when we are talking something about justice! What we women want is simply justice. All that the laboring man wants is justice and fair dealing. All that these "white slaves" ask, is that they shall not be slaves; that rich merchants shall not give so much to a school, so much for building a chapel, and so much for missions, as if they were great Christian philanthropists, yet all the time put the thumb-screws of everlasting stinginess on these poor girls. That thing has got to be done away with, and that right early! People's eyes are being opened. God grant that the doctrine of Christ, which is "fair dealing to others, as you would yourself be done by," may soon be put in practice toward every working man and woman in America.

And yet the nation is full of real Christian men and women, who "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." They heed the voice of Christ in its tender cadences, saying, "And all ye are brethren!" God grant

their number may be multiplied! Even men of the world admit that London's four hundred city missionaries mean more for peace and quiet than four thousand police would mean. Even secularists applaud the splendid humanitarian work of the W. C. T. U. and the Salvation Army. Even infidels admit that McAll's Mission, in Paris, prevents barricades and riots, by teaching the French workman a more excellent way to the brotherhood of which he dreams.

Let me give you my "shorter catechism" of Political Economy from Ruskin.

"There is no Wealth but Life. Life, including all its power of love, of joy, and admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and, by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be; all political economy founded on self-interest being but the fulfilment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels and ruin into the economy of Heaven."

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE AMERICAN DRESS REFORM MOVEMENTS OF THE PAST, WITH VIEWS OF REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

BY FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

MANY women have expressed sound common sense on this subject, as I propose to show by quotations from my readings during the last thirty-six years. It will not do to blink out of sight the chief scarecrow of the present-day woman; for historical fair play and justice to the women of forty years ago demand that we shall give the "bloomer" of the past its due. Concerning an interesting epoch in the history of American womanhood, we may very properly listen to the account of that woman whose name has so long been taken in vain, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, whose golden wedding was celebrated by her family and friends two years ago, in Council Bluffs, Ia., where she has lived for thirty-five years. A reporter for the *Boston Globe* described her as "a gentle, dainty little lady," and gave a cut of her famous costume donned in 1851, and which she wore six or seven years. The first one was made of red and black changeable silk, the skirt reaching four or five inches below the knees, and trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon, a wide row in the middle; Turkish trousers of the same material as the dress. Whoever looks at this picture should see beside it the fashionable dress called "beautiful" then, with a circumference of skirt produced by from five to ten starched petticoats one over another. Women waded in a "sea of petticoats," and the ridiculous hoops which speedily followed gave great relief. Corsets were seldom used by even the most fashionable, though tight waists were common. The chemise was abandoned soon by the early dress reformers, and many wore a combination undersuit of their own devising.

A few years ago the following facts were given to the readers of a leading ladies' magazine by

MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER.*

I hardly know how to write about the "costume" associated with my name; but I was not its inventor or originator, as is so generally believed.

In March, 1851, Elizabeth Smith Miller, daughter of Hon. Gerritt Smith of Peterboro, N. Y., visited her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., which was then my home, and where I was publishing the *Lily*, and where Mrs. Stanton also resided. Mrs. Miller came to us in a short skirt and full Turkish trousers, a style of dress she had been wearing some two months.

The matter of woman's dress having been just previously discussed in the *Lily*, Mrs. Miller's appearance led Mrs. Stanton to at once adopt the style, and I very soon followed, Mrs. Stanton introducing it to the Seneca Falls public two or three days in advance of me. In the next number of my paper following my adoption of the dress (April, 1851), I wrote an article announcing to my readers that I had donned the style to which their attention had been called in previous numbers.

The New York *Tribune* noticed my article, and made it known to its thousands of readers that I had donned a short skirt and trousers; and from this it went from paper to paper throughout this country and countries abroad. I found myself noticed and pictured in many papers at home and abroad. I was praised and censured, glorified and ridiculed, until I stood in amazement at the furor I had wrought by my pen while sitting quietly in my little office at home attending to my duties.

Suffice it that it was the press at large that got up all the excitement and that named the dress. I never called it the "Bloomer costume." With me it was always the short dress and trousers. It consisted of a skirt shortened to a few inches below the knees, and the substitution of trousers made of the same material as the dress. In other respects the dress was the same as worn by all women. At the outset, the trousers were full and baggy; but we improved upon them by making them narrower and gathered at the ankle, and finally by making entirely plain and straight, falling to the shoe like trousers of men.

To some extent, I think the style was adopted abroad, but not largely, or, for that matter, at home. There were individuals here and there who gladly threw off the burden of heavy skirts and adopted the short ones; but soon both press and people turned upon it their ridicule and censure, and women had not the strength of principle to withstand the criticism, and so returned to their dragging skirts. For myself, I wore the short dress and no others, at home and everywhere, for six or seven years, long after Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, and others had abandoned it. Lucy Stone wore the dress several years, travelled and lectured in it, and was married in it, I think. None of us ever lectured on the dress question, or in any way introduced it into our lectures. We only wore it because we found it comfortable, convenient, safe, and tidy — with no thought

* *Ladies' Home Journal*.

of introducing a fashion, but with the wish that every woman would throw off the burden of clothes that was dragging her life out.

In 1856 a Dress Reform Association was organized, which held several conventions. At one of these, in Canastota, N. Y., in 1857, a letter was read, from which we make an extract, written by

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Woman's dress, too,—how perfectly it describes her condition! Everything she wears has some object external to herself. The comfort and convenience of the woman is never considered; from the bonnet string to the paper shoe, she is the hopeless martyr to the inventions of some Parisian imp of fashion. Her tight waist and long, trailing skirts deprive her of all freedom of breath and motion. No wonder man prescribes her sphere. She needs his aid at every turn. He must help her up stairs and down, in the carriage and out, on the horse, up the hill, over the ditch and fence, and thus teach her the poetry of dependence.

There is a philosophy in this dependence not so complimentary to woman as she at the first blush may suppose. Why is it that at balls and parties, when man comes dressed in his usual style, fashion requires woman to display her person, to bare her arms and neck? Why must she attract man's admiration? Why must she secure his physical love? The only object of a woman's life is marriage, and the shortest way to a man's favor is through his passions; and woman has studied well all the little arts and mysteries by which she can stimulate him to the pursuit. Every part of a woman's dress has been faithfully conned by some French courtesan to produce this effect. Innocent girls who follow the fashion are wholly ignorant of its philosophy. Woman's attire is an ever-varying incentive to man's imagination—a direct and powerful appeal to his passionate nature.

Not long after this convention, a letter was published containing the following by

MRS. CHARLOTTE A. JOY.

A lady friend said to me, "I have talked with Miss Martineau, in her own house, about your movement, and she said to me, 'Tell the dress reformers in America that I am heartily with them;' and since my return, she has, in writing to me, said, among other things, 'There is much evil involved in long skirts.'" I am sure that if this world-wide philanthropist were not a great sufferer, and so ill as to be awaiting her summons to the world of spirits, that we should have her assistance in carrying forward this reform.

Abby Kelley Foster bade me a hearty God-speed, and urged me again and again never to falter, telling me that for years she had worn the dress in her own home, and that her husband heartily sustained us.

I also had an interview with Mrs. L. Stone Blackwell, and she expressed great interest in this reform, telling me that she wore the dress full half the time, and meant soon to wear it all the time when she lived in the country. She does not think the good to be derived from wearing it in the city, and in travelling, is a compensation for the annoyance. In this I think she is entirely wrong. I heard her repel, with much indignation, a charge of having given up the new costume.

Mrs. Blackwell is deeply interested — as I think we all should be — to make our costume as artistic and becoming as possible, that it may commend itself to persons of refined and cultivated taste. She is more radical on the skirt question than any lady I have conversed with.

I could give you names of ladies as thoughtful, if not as well known as some that I have mentioned, to prove that earnest women desire very strongly a change of costume, but *fear public opinion*. It seems to me very necessary to urge every woman who desires the progress of this reform, to be true to it on all occasions.

If we must suffer annoyance and persecution, let us submit to it in the faith that the sure progress of our cause will be the result.

Our costume will never be allowed to pass unnoticed by the public until they are familiar with it.

At the next convention, held in Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Joy (the late Mrs. Mann) presided. On that occasion the following letter was read, which defines

THE POSITION OF LUCY STONE.

I miscounted the days of the month, and greatly fear that I have thereby lost the opportunity of expressing my cordial sympathy with the object of your convention.

But I frankly confess that I do not expect any speedy or widespread change in the dress of women, until as a body they feel a deeper discontent with their present entire position. While they suffer "taxation without representation," and are thus placed, politically, lower than thieves, gamblers, and blacklegs, and bear it without a murmur; . . . while, as wives, in most of the states, they have no right of personal property, or of earnings, and nowhere the right to the baby, warm nestling in their bosoms; nor even the right to themselves, and yet with exultant boast, iterate and reiterate that "they have all the rights they want;" believe me, they who can bear all this, are not in a condition to quarrel with the length of their skirts.

Her miserable style of dress is a consequence of her present vassalage, not its cause. Woman must become ennobled in the quality of her being. When she is so, and takes her place, clothed with the dignity which the possession and exercise of her natural human rights give, she will be able, unquestioned, to dictate the style of her dress.

With best wishes for the good of the cause, yours, to help it as I am able.

Many good letters were sent to this convention, among them one read to the audience by Rev. Samuel J. May, written by one of the noblest of American women, the wife of Theodore D. Weld,

MRS. ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD,

in 1857. This long, learned, and philosophical letter was published in full in several important journals. We make extracts:—

When we read of the effeminacy of Sardanapalus, and of the fact that he assumed the attire of woman, and amused himself with the spinning of wool, we marvel not at the result, the overthrow of his empire.

There was a deep philosophy in the advice which Cræsus gave to Cyrus, after his conquest of Lydia: "Compel," said he, "the men of Lydia to wear the dress of women, and thus attired, let them pursue their employments and amusements. He well knew that dress and occupation exert a controlling influence upon the mind and character. To clothe the men of Lydia like women, and to oblige them to pursue women's occupations, was effectually to disarm them of the power to regain their lost liberty, and securely to fasten upon them political chains. . . .

Woman is now emerging into her majority, and claiming her rights as a human being. The eye of faith looks into the future, and sees her possessed of them; for man is too noble, too just, too manly, to deny them when he sees her demands coupled with an earnest intention to use them for her own support and the interests of humanity. But, my sisters, he cannot think so as long as we encumber our limbs with flowing robes which render it difficult to ascend every stairway, and obstruct locomotion, whilst with bedraggled skirts in every street we proclaim our folly and extravagance, and slavery to fashion. He cannot think we are in sober earnest about working for ourselves and our children, for the church and the state, as long as by our dress we render it impossible for woman to cope with man in the useful and common avocations. If she means to stand side by side with him in the battle of life, she must gird up the flowing robe, or cut it off as he has done; for although there is a beautiful fitness in the designation of sex by dress, yet the skirt must be curtailed, and the sleeve diminished, as well as the volume of material which now hangs in such profusion and circumference from her waist, and sweeps the floor. If woman means to work, let her dress herself for work. . . .

Believe me, dear sisters, the men of this day know full as well as Cræsus did, twenty-four hundred years ago, that dress exerts a controlling influence over character, and that if we want to effeminate human beings, we have but to swathe them in long robes, which so encumber the limbs as to obstruct locomotion and render vigorous effort impossible.

In October following this convention at Syracuse, an arti-

cle on "Female Dress in 1857" appeared in the *Westminster Review*, written by

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

It was, I think, during the time when George Eliot was sub-editing the *Westminster Review* that this excellent article appeared in its columns. Wit and sarcasm were freely used in reference to the very absurd fashions of the day, and the writer then turned her attention to the dress-reform movement in the United States.

It is otherwise in another country, where the fine ladies are even more enslaved to Paris fashions than in our own. In the United States a Dress Reform Association has for some time been organized, and it appears to be prospering well. Physicians of eminence support it, and that is a favorable sign. No little courage is required to wear a new set of garments in a community where men are at least as indisposed as they are here to allow women to judge of their own affairs, and where the majority of women are at least as superstitious and timid under the dictation as here; but American women have a stronger stake in dress reform than perhaps any others. The ladies have more work to do, and certainly less health and strength for their tasks. It is so serious a burden to them to wear trammels and instruments of torment under the name of clothes, that they may well show more courage than others in throwing them off. The general style which is proposed by the association seems to be, by universal admission, good. It covers the human frame lightly and warmly, and admits of the changes necessitated by temperature with the utmost ease. It leaves the limbs and trunk free for their respective action, while it is as modest as any dress that was ever devised. *Besides the sort of beauty which it derives from its fitness and ease, it embraces the best points of costumes approved by the experience and sanction of ages.* There is no use in talking of the Bloomer Dress in England, so successful were the unmanly and senseless attempts made in 1851 to discredit it. The original trick by which it was rendered disreputable, and the unworthy treatment it received in the popular publications of men who regard themselves as moralists, will remain conspicuous among the laches and sins of their time. And better moralists—men who were indignant at the bigotry and tyranny of such conduct in Englishmen, who by no means relish similar treatment of their own dress in Eastern countries—did not assert the rights and wrongs of the case so boldly and strenuously as they ought to have done. The aim of the organization is briefly set forth in the second article of its constitution, in these words:—

The objects of this association are to induce a reform in woman's dress, especially in regard to long skirts, tight waists, and all other styles and modes which are incompatible with good health, refined taste, simplicity, economy, and beauty.

These are sensible objects; and while they are promoted with all proper regard to individual liberty and taste, they will have our

hearty good will. We can wish nothing better for our country-women than that they may attain to a degree of independent good sense which will qualify them for a similar reform on their own behalf.

About this time the Queen of England set the fashion of the short balmoral skirt with dress festooned over it, and high balmoral boots came into fashion. It was in 1857, also, that another effort was made in America, led by

MRS. JENNIE C. CROLY.

A call was published which explains itself, beginning thus:—

The undersigned, on the part of ladies interested in the progress and development of national ideas and interests, as connected with the subject of American dress costume, hereby calls a convention, to meet in the second week in May, 1857, at a place to be hereafter mentioned, in order to discuss the question of American costume, in all its bearings, and decide upon a plan which will render us, to a certain degree, independent of the caprices of foreign dictators, and able to set an example to other nations in dress as well as in politics.

It is not intended in this convention to advocate any outre notions, or subvert present modes where they are rational, appropriate, and becoming, or pursue any line of conduct which might be deemed extravagant or fantastical; it is only that, as a great nation, we are entitled to the right to decide upon what we will not wear; and as this seems naturally and exclusively woman's province, it is to her, as leader of fashion, artiste, or designer, that we especially appeal.

A second letter, written in explanation of the first, was written to Mrs. Sayre Herbrough, editor of the *Sibyl*, by Mrs. Croly, and is the last I ever heard of a well-meant effort. I quote:—

The idea of the convention about which you desire to know the "truth," originated in a sincere and earnest desire to see American women delivered from their blind, fanatical slavery to foreign fashion, and a belief that, if once interested in this, their natural and rightful province,—interested in the national idea of developing our own resources, of encouraging our own designers and artists,—it would free us at once from the absurdities of a blind adherence to foreign dictation, and preserve us also from the folly of attempting to imitate a degree of luxury which is not only subversive of the noblest spirit of our institutions, but exposes the imitators to just scorn and ridicule.

It was believed, also, that it would assist in developing independence of action, and open a field in which woman could have supreme and undoubted sway. If it did not make her do right, it would at least make her think and do something, and that would be a nearer approximation than she is likely to make while her thinking is done

for her. But in my efforts for the accomplishment of this object, I must say I have been disappointed and grieved to see how strongly the chains of the modern autocrat, Fashion, bind his devotees.

It was and is not intended to identify this convention with any of the dress reforms of the day, because none are urged by us upon American women but the great national one of choosing for themselves. I would that it were so that women could wear any dress that pleases them best, or that is most suitable to their position and circumstances, without being subjects of remark and sneering innuendoes. And I admire the proud courage which enables you (believing that the short dress is best adapted to the wants of woman) to wear it and courageously defend it. But for myself, I have no faith in endeavoring to persuade women to do what I believe is right. All I ask is that they do something, no matter what, or at least little matter what. My faith in them makes me believe that if once they think and act for themselves, they will soon think and act right.

Very respectfully, JENNIE C. CROLY.

About the same time a book was published, made up of articles that had appeared in the *London Art Journal*, on "Dress as a Fine Art," by

MRS. MENIFIELD OF ENGLAND.

Conspicuous among its illustrations was a picture of Mrs. Bloomer's costume. From comments on this dress we quote the following:—

On the score of modesty there can be no objection to the dress, since the whole of the body is covered. On the ground of convenience it recommends itself to those who, having the superintendence of a family, are obliged frequently to go up and down stairs, on which occasion it is always necessary to raise the dress before or behind, according to circumstances. The objection to the trousers is not to this article of dress being worn, since that is a general practice, but to their being seen. Yet we suspect few ladies would object on this account to appear at a fancy ball in the Turkish costume. . . . Setting aside all considerations of fashion, as we always do in looking at the fashions which are gone by, it was impossible for any person to deny that the Bloomer costume was by far the most elegant, the most modest, and the most convenient.

The second dress-reform movement in this country was made in the seventies. It began with a paper read by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps before the New England Woman's Club, afterwards published in four numbers of the *Independent*, then made into a book by Houghton & Mifflin, entitled "What to Wear." We make here only one extract from this lively and useful book, by

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

When I see women stay indoors the entire forenoon because their morning dresses trail the ground, and indoors all the afternoon because there comes up a shower, and the walking-dress would soak and drabble; or when I see the "workingwoman" standing at the counter, or at the teacher's desk, from day to dark, in the drenched boots and damp stockings which her muddy skirts, flapping from side to side, have compelled her to endure; when I see her, a few weeks thereafter, going to Dr. Clarke for treatment, as a consequence; when I find, after the most patient experiment, that, in spite of stout rubbers, water-proof gaiters, and dress skirt three or four inches from the ground, an "out-of-door" girl is compelled to a general change of clothing each individual time that she returns from her daily walks in the summer rain; when I see a woman climbing upstairs with her baby in one arm, and its bowl of bread and milk in the other, and see her tripping on her dress at every stair (if, indeed, baby, bowl, bread, milk, and mother do not go down in universal chaos; it is only from the efforts of long skill and experience on the part of the mother in performing that acrobatic feat); when physicians tell me what fearful jars and strains these sudden jerks of the body from stumbling on the dress-hem impose upon a woman's intricate organism, and how much less injurious to her a direct *fall* would be than this start and rebound of nerve and muscle, and how the strongest man would suffer from such accidents; and when they further assure me of the amount of calculable injury wrought upon our sex by the weight of skirting brought upon the hips, and by thus making the seat of all the vital energies the pivot of motion and centre of endurance; when I see women's skirts, the shortest of them, lying (when they sit down) inches deep along the foul floors, which man, in delicate appreciation of our concessions to his fancy in such respects, has innundated with tobacco juice, and from which she sweeps up and carries to her home the germs of stealthy pestilences; when I see a ruddy, romping school-girl, in her first long dress, beginning to avoid coasting on her double-runner, or afraid of the stone walls in the blueberry fields, or standing aloof from the game of ball, or turning sadly away from the ladder which her brother is climbing to the cherry tree, or begging for him to assist her over the gunwale of a boat; when I read of the sinking of steamers at sea, with "nearly all the women and children on board, and the accompanying comments, "Every effort was made to assist the women up the masts and out of danger till help arrived, but *they could not climb*, and we were forced to leave them to their fate;" or when I hear the wail with which a million lips take up the light words of the loafer on the Portland Wharf, when the survivors of the "Atlantic" filed past him, "Not a woman among them all! My God" — when I consider these things, I feel that I have ceased to deal with *blunders* in dress and have entered the category of *crimes*.

Following the paper of Miss Phelps, a dress reform committee was appointed by the New England Woman's Club. Four lectures on Dress were delivered in Boston by women

physicians, and another by Mrs. Abba Goold-Woolson, who afterwards edited the five lectures in a volume named "Dress Reform," published by Roberts Brothers. I had thought to quote from each one of these lectures, but lack of space forbids. The four physicians, — Dr. Mary Safford Blake, Dr. Caroline E. Hastings, Dr. Mercy B. Jackson, Dr. Arvilla B. Haynes — were unanimous in their condemnation of the fashionable dress of their day. In all five lectures there was strong warning against corsets, an evil which was not in fashion when the first dress reform made their practical protest. From this book I will quote now only

MRS. ABBA GOOLD-WOOLSON.

Were I an emperor, absolute as any shah, it would be my sovereign pleasure to decree that the men of my kingdom should wear women's clothes for a day, and that the women should wear those of the men — for one day only. It would not be long before something would be done; for the close of that memorable time would behold a race of growing athletes, giving thanks for their escape from the strange bondage, and drawing deep breaths of deliverance, while the wailing of the women at their return to the old fetters would be heart-rending to hear. Then the nation would pause from its consideration of lesser evils, and would set at work in good earnest to eradicate this. . . . The agencies are manifold which convert so many of our vigorous girls into suffering invalids before they have fairly grown into women; but if there be one agency worthy to be emphasized above all others, I believe it to be our present pernicious style of dress.

Present-day dress improvers say that no effort was made by the dress reformers of the fifties and seventies to make their dress beautiful, or to concede anything to the taste created by fashion. Compare the fashion plate or model for dress reforms put forth in this book, with the fashionable outline presented in the frontispiece, and you will see the effort to conform the *dress of the period* to the demands of convenience and health. A small hoopskirt was retained, and the dress was shortened only to the high shoe tops. The reason for the hoopskirt is thus given: "Worn of diminished size, it brings advantages which compensate for its weight. It keeps the folds of the balmoral from clogging the lower limbs in walking, and it allows the tops of other skirts to be so attached to it as to prevent undue heating of the pelvis and spine, and to render waistbands unnecessary." To render skirts comfortable, use the hoops, and these call for

suspenders! Thus does one "necessary evil" call for another—all of which is truly edifying to a student in pursuit of the beautiful in woman's dress!

Somewhat later than these two books, appeared another on the same subject, by Celia B. Whitehead, entitled "What is the Matter?" Since I can only quote briefly, it shall be in reference to beauty. Listen, then, to

MRS. CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Until recently, I have refused to urge dress reform on the score of "looks"; and even now it seems like paying "tithes of mint, rue, anise, and cummin," while the weightier matter is to educate woman's conscience and courage till she will declare that, ugly or pretty, homely or handsome, fashionable or unfashionable, she is *bound* to be free—pardon the paradox—healthy, and useful. Nevertheless, when I read such sentiments as I have quoted above, I feel the necessity of paying the tithes.

Mrs. Angelina Grimké Weld thought otherwise. In a letter written to a dress-reform convention in June, 1857, she says: "I regard the Bloomer costume as *only an approach* to that true womanly costume which will, in due time, be inaugurated. For myself I feel no anxiety about contriving a new dress which will combine artistic beauty with convenience (that will come naturally by and by), because I believe it *impossible to please the perverted taste of the present day*. If the Bloomer dress had come from a Paris milliner, it would have been welcomed in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; but as it is the only dress which has ever been adopted from principle—from a *desire in woman to fit herself for daily duty*,—as it is the outbirth of a state of mind which soars above the prevalent uses of women, therefore it shocks the taste.

There is the whole thing in a few words. That quotation will bear several readings, and discover new wisdom each time it is read. I had not seen it when I read that "women *will not* adopt a fashion that is not beautiful"; and as I knew that anything which allowed free locomotion was considered unbeautiful for women, my heart was heavy. It lightened somewhat when I read Mrs. Weld's letter, but it remained for a fashion plate to completely lift the load. I strayed into the rooms of a fashionable dress and cloak maker one day (oh, yes! I go to such places sometimes), and in the fitting-room hung two pictures of the fashions of 1860 and '61. My first thought was that they were burlesques, and I asked the proprietor, who has been in the business twenty-three years, if they were genuine, *bona fide* fashion plates. He said: "Oh, yes! I brought them from Paris myself."

"Did you ever make dresses like those?" I again questioned, for it seemed impossible that I had ever seen women look as these represented.

The answer was: "A great many of them. Six yards around was the measure then. The women were beautiful in them, as they are *in anything which the majority of them wear.*"

I gazed at those pictures in unfeigned delight. My heart was heavy no longer. Were they beautiful?

Beautiful! If you can find some, look at them yourself, and then say candidly whether women will or *will not* adopt a fashion that is not beautiful.

They were frightful! and the fact is, women will wear anything under the sun that is fashionable; and THEIR WEARING IT *will, for the time, make it seem beautiful.*

It seems as if, at this age of the world, we all ought to know that our notions of what is womanly or unwomanly, feminine or unfeminine, are very largely the result of education. Had we always seen men in petticoats and women in breeches, it would seem very unfeminine for a woman to put on skirts.

Perhaps this is the best place to introduce a quotation from

HELENA MARIA WEBBER.

The nether garment was first worn in bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembled the modern trousers we have no definite information; but the fact is worth keeping in mind that women were the original wearers of trousers. The exclusive claim which men so pertinaciously maintain to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard, which was assigned solely to man, is the natural token of his sex. But man effeminates himself, contrary to the purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then, lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress, the wearing of which by the female sex he declares to be a grave misdemeanor.

It was in connection with this second dress-reform movement that

FRANCES POWER COBBE

wrote in the *English Fortnightly Review*:—

Bad as stays and chignons and high heels and paint and low dresses, and all the other follies of dress are, I am, however, of opinion that the culminating folly of fashion, the one which has most widespread and durable consequences, is the mode in which for ages

back women have contrived that their skirts should act as drags and swaddling-clothes, weighing down their hips, and obstructing the natural motion of the legs.

It has been often remarked that the sagacity of Romish seminarians is exhibited by their practice of compelling boys destined for the priesthood to flounder along the streets in their long gowns, and never permitting them to cast them aside or play in the close-fitting clothes wherein English lads enjoy their cricket and foot-ball. The obstruction to free action, though perhaps slight in itself, yet constantly maintained, gradually tames down the wildest spirits to the level of ecclesiastical decorum. But the lengthiest of *soutanes* is a joke compared to the multitudinous petticoats which, up to the last year or two, every lady was compelled to wear, swathing and flowing about her ankles as if she were walking through the sea. Nor is the fashion of these latter days much better, when the scantier dress is "tied-back" — as I am informed — with an elastic band, much on the principle that a horse is "hobbled" in the field; and to this a tail a yard long is added, which must either be left to draggle in the mud or must occupy an arm exclusively to hold it up. . . .

It is for fashion, not delicacy, that the activity of women is thus crushed, their health ruined, and, through them, the health of their children. I hold it to be an indubitable fact that if twenty years ago a rational and modest style of dress had been adopted by Englishwomen and encouraged by Englishmen, instead of being sneered down by fops and fools, the health not only of women, but of the sons of women, i. e., of the entire nation, would now be on altogether a different plane from what we find it.

GAIL HAMILTON

about this time wrote: —

With all our higher education, the emancipation of the sex, the outcry for suffrage, the woman's boards, clubs, colleges, professions where is the woman who shall give us something that is worth them all? What annex is nourishing her, what cradle rocks her whose inborn originality shall seize the absurdity, the grotesqueness, the barbarism of the compresses which women now call "dress," whose cultured originality shall pierce all realms of art and history science, and shall evoke thence a costume which shall not only gratify but stimulate the æsthetic sense which shall add to the free and sweeping lines of grace, the free and subtle sense of strength, the thrilling ecstasy of vital health, of abounding life; a costume which will do more for the real emancipation of woman than any legislation can do, because it will put her in harmony with the eternal law of all her being, and gently lead up the new and golden year of physical comfort, artistic grace, mental vigor, and social power.

MRS. ELLEN BATTELLE DIETRICK

has observed: —

It is on the street that woman's present condition is most miserable. The street gown not being well adapted to pockets, the average

woman generally has one hand useless for emergencies, on account of its burdens; and when an umbrella must be held in the other, and the mud-bespattered robe first slops miserably wet about its wearer's heels, or twists fetteringly about as the wind rises, again, either brushes off filthy curbstones or is gathered too high in its owner's frantic efforts to preserve its original nicety, is it not a spectacle for the goddess of common sense to weep over? But with men wielding that terrible weapon, the press, and occupying that powerful stronghold, the pulpit, it is swimming against the current, with fearful odds against them, for women to undertake anything the masculine half of humanity chooses to call "unwomanly," actuated by pure nonsense and utter inconsistency though it be.

A different opinion was lately put forth in the *Woman's Journal* by its junior editor,

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Every woman could materially lighten her labor by adopting for house wear a gymnastic dress such as is worn in our best gymnasiums. If it were necessary to go to the door, a long apron, which could be slipped on in a moment, would hide all peculiarities.

Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead and others have suggested that an entering wedge for dress reform might be found in this plan, and it seems to me the most practical idea yet proposed. In the first place, it would give women a realizing sense of the immense increase of ease, comfort, and convenience to be obtained by the change. Most women, even those who theoretically believe in dress reform, do not fully appreciate how great the difference would be, because they have never had practical experience of it. A woman of my acquaintance, the delicate mother of several bright, nervous, fidgety little boys, spent her summer vacation in a house far from any high road, a place so secluded that she ventured to abbreviate her skirts beyond what would have been permissible in a town or even a village. She told me that the relief was incalculable, and that it made just the difference between her breaking down that summer or being able to get through. She has always tried to dress hygienically, but that experience gave her entirely new light on dress reform.

Once let a sufficient number of women realize by experience the advantages of dress reform, and they will find some way to bring it into fashion for outdoor as well as indoor use.

A second advantage would be that men, seeing their wives wearing a gymnastic dress during their working hours, would get accustomed to the costume, and would no longer be struck by it as something hideous and *outré*. For where a style of dress is concerned, *everything lies in being accustomed to it*. When prodigious hoops were the fashion, every woman looked odd and "dowdy" who did not wear one. It has been so with every style in turn, even those which now seem to us most absurd. The eye of a semi-occasional thinker or artist was offended by them; but to the eye of the general public, both men and women, they looked all right; and not only that, but any conspicuous deviation from them looked all wrong. Whenever

the reformed dress becomes customary, it will seem perfectly correct; and one may hope that from the house its use will gradually spread to the street.

At the first convention of the National Council of Women in Washington, D. C., in February 1891, be it ever remembered in their praise that the officers of that representative body took up this long neglected and despised cause of dress reform, the very mention of which, even now, makes the timid woman shake in her shoes.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,

the first president of the council, said in her opening address:

But be it remembered that until woman comes to her kingdom physically, she will never really come at all. Created to be well and strong and beautiful, she long ago "sacrificed her constitution, and has ever since been living on her by-laws." She has made of herself an hour-glass, whose sands of life pass quickly by. She has walked when she should have run, sat when she should have walked, reclined when she should have sat. She has allowed herself to become a mere lay figure upon which any hump or hoop or farthingale could be fastened that fashionmongers chose; and oftentimes her head is a mere rotary ball upon which milliners may let perch whatever they please — be it bird of paradise or beast or creeping thing. She has bedraggled her senseless long skirts in whatever combination of filth the street presented, submitting to a motion the most awkward and degrading known to the entire animal kingdom; for nature has endowed all others that carry trains and trails with the power of lifting them without turning in their tracks; but a fashionable woman pays lowliest obeisance to what follows in her own wake, and, as she does so, cuts the most grotesque figure outside a jumping-jack. She is a creature born to the beauty and freedom of Diana, but she is swathed by her skirts, splintered by her stays, bandaged by her tight waist, and pinioned by her sleeves until — alas, that I should live to say it! — a trussed turkey or a spitted goose are her most appropriate emblems. . . . In view of the impending mania for long skirts, and the settled distemper of bodices abbreviated at the wrong terminus, it strikes me as desirable that the council should utter a deliverance in favor of a sensible, modest, tasteful, business costume for busy women.

But the better is always likely to be the greatest enemy of the best; and in her happy deliverance from the worst in dress, the average woman is too much inclined to let well enough alone. For this reason it is more than ever the duty of leaders to point their sisters onward along the brightly opening way, not by precept alone, but by method and plan.

Quotations might be made here from the members of the Dress Reform Committee appointed by the Woman's Council; but this rapid review is by no means exhaustive, and is already too long.

THE CHAIN OF THE LAST SLAVE. AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY SUSAN ELSTON WALLACE.

It was in the year of our Lord 1864. War-worn soldiers lay along the guns in forts and trenches; warm life blood watered the wilderness and reddened the sod of green fields; and in hospital, camp, and wayside our boys were dying by hundreds. Skeleton regiments marched slowly home for recruit and reorganization. They returned in piteous rags. Homesick eyes were watching in the land from which sleep appeared to have departed — watching for the first glimmer of light in the east; eager ears were listening for the coming of feet, beautiful upon the mountains, that should bring good tidings that publish peace. Through the darkness round about us, the Dead March went wailing for the burial of the brave.

President Lincoln had issued the Emancipation Proclamation. A year and more, the people clamored for this measure; it was written early as the June previous, but he thought the time not ripe for its publication. We should wait till some signal advantage in the field was gained; we had met so many reverses, the enemy might consider the act a cry of despair prompted by desperation. The long-hoped-for victory was at last won in the battle of Antietam. And so, New Year's Day, 1863,—the happiest that ever rose on the colored race in America,—it was proclaimed through the press, and read to the men in arms.

The first regiment of negro troops for the national service was organized near Beaufort, S. C., and there, in the shadows of a majestic live-oak grove, within bugle call of the spot where the early secession movements were planned, the freedmen listened to the glad news.

Following the president's action, the 13th of October, 1864, the voters of Maryland, by a majority of three hundred and seventy-nine, ratified a new constitution for their state, making provision for the liberation of those who were held

in bondage. But the veteran slaveholder did not surrender without a stand worthy his boasted chivalry. The Emancipation Proclamation fired the Southern heart to such a pitch, that ninety-six ministers of the gospel, in Richmond, Va., signed a remonstrance and an appeal to the universal brotherhood of Christians. In this remarkable document they asserted the Union could not be restored, and declared the granting of freedom to slaves afforded a suitable occasion for solemn protest on the part of the people of God throughout the world.

The president, with unfaltering faith and steady hand on the helm, held on his way and wrote:—

"The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea; thanks to the great Northwest for it! . . . Thanks to all! for the great republic—for the principles by which it lives, and keeps alive—for man's vast future, thanks to all! Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that, among freemen, there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cause and pay the cost. . . Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God will, in His own good time, give us the rightful result."

In these troublous times, there lived in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, a bright mulatto girl named Maria Toogood. Of her parentage nothing is recorded. She was born in slavery, as were her ancestors, accustomed to begin the morning's work at the sound of the overseer's horn, and pass her days in unpaid toil.

She was no stranger to the statute which allowed owners of such as she, to cut notches, with knives and pinchers, in the ears of their property, lash their backs into scars, and with pens of red-hot iron brand their initials into the scorched and quivering flesh of their human chattels. She must have been familiar with the fact, that if caught in the street after a certain hour, any one guilty of a black skin, unable to show a passport, was liable to be bound in fetters and thrust into jail, with as little consideration as a stray horse would have. More than that, if such individual happened to be

free, the justice might choose to think him a fugitive slave, advertise the arrest in the newspapers, warning the owner to come and redeem the prisoner; and if no claimant appeared, he would be sold to pay the jail fees. Such proceeding was frequent, and the bondwoman knew this usage, which now seems incredible. Forbidden by law to learn how to read, the colored race, from the beginning, has had an aptitude for "hearkening"; and exercising her native talent behind the chair of her proprietor, she learned that under the Emancipation Proclamation she now belonged to herself. Moved by the same impulse you or I would have in like conditions, one day she stole softly out the back door, across fields, along devious windings and byways, in dim wanderings toward the lines of the Union army. She was missed, followed, tracked — whether with the keen scent of bloodhounds or of men more brutal than brutes, I know not. When discovered, she was accused of theft, and on the plea, brought to the plantation with a show of justice. The master then withdrew the charge, as he merely wanted possession of Maria's person and a return to the house of bondage. Determined to secure the prisoner, he ordered a chain to be made of such material as was at hand, fastened it round her neck, and locked it with a key, like a clock key, which he carried. By this she was probably hitched to a post, treated as a runaway animal.

Report of the outrage came to General Wallace, then in command of the Middle Department. He despatched a squad of cavalry for her rescue, and she was brought to headquarters. In the office of Reverdy Johnson, Monument Square, Baltimore, the last chain of the slave was literally broken, and the bond went free.

On my wall the strange necklace hangs, just as it came from the throat of a young girl not yet twenty years of age, after it was worn, without removal, seven weeks. It is a forbidding thing, fashioned of coarsest metal, wrought in the rudest manner. The rough iron is a portion of log chain, once used by oxen in dragging heavy weights, and is fastened by a lock prepared by some neighboring blacksmith. Examining the mechanism, we must admit it was a safe thing to trust in securing merchandise such as Maria Toogood. The links are two inches in length, and its entire weight is between three and four pounds.

In the city of the sea—once the home of Desdemona—the tourist finds, among antique armor and historic weapons, inventions curious as any contained in the Patent Office—ingenious machines contrived to inflict extremest anguish, without loss of life or consciousness; instruments of torture, made to grind, twist, cramp, living men and women, all in the name of Christ, and under direction of officers of the most Holy Inquisition. Our relic of a bygone social system would be well classed and properly placed in such a collection as that which to-day excites the amazement of tourists in Venice. I have chosen to hang it beside a victorious banner, furled, a rusty cavalry sword, and near a medallion portrait of President Lincoln. Around these symbolic mementos cluster the history of one of the most terrible ordeals a nation ever witnessed; an epoch whose outcome was triumphant as the struggle had been desperate.

Before long the chain will be transferred—a perpetual inheritance—to the library of Oberlin College, Ohio, where we hope it may be touched by those who look back mournfully to the bygone days of buying and selling human beings in the markets of our country.

A WOMAN'S CASE.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

MARK HAMPTON, bachelor, had been for several minutes exercising his powers of observation and reflection in watching a young girl, one of a group of dancers, in the set nearest him. It was at a party given by one of his acquaintances which he was attending more for friendship's sake than from any liking for such affairs. He did not dance, but was an interested on-looker. The girl's face attracted him by its piquant charm of evident joyous delight in the music and motion. He observed that the light in her brown, laughing eyes was enhanced by the long, dark lashes, that there was a tint of red in the rippling brown hair; that her tall, slender figure was the perfection of form; that she had a lovely color in her dimpled cheeks; that though her smiling, sweetly curved mouth was rather large, her nose inclined to Roman severity, and her pretty chin a bit too firm, yet, on the whole, the effect was charming. She was dancing with a healthful enjoyment of the exercise that made it a pleasure just to look upon her; and yet Mark Hampton's reflections thereupon were strangely cynical and supercilious.

"Dance on your little hour, pretty butterfly," so ran his thoughts; "youth and beauty will soon be gone, and with them all that makes your life's happiness! Good Lord, what lives these society women lead! versed only in the superficial things of life, unfitted as they are to bear any of its real sorrow or hardship, what burdens such girls as this one must become to the men who are entrapped into marrying them! I have no doubt that if, in ten years from now, I should see again this girl, now so attractive with youth's untried sparkle and loveliness, I should find her faded, homely, and a frivolous bore."

Here the breaking up of the set and the sudden pause in the music interrupted his train of thought, and the object of his ungracious musings moved forward on the arm of her partner in his direction. An odor of roses wafted to him

from the flowers at her belt as she passed to a seat near by.

"Having a pleasant time, Nella?" questioned a handsomely dressed matron who made room for the girl on the sofa beside her.

"Oh, lovely! delicious! heavenly! I could wish life to be one long dance to perpetual music, with the accompaniments of flowers, lights, beautiful rooms, charming people, and a succession of partners equal to Mr. Brewer;" and she glanced smilingly at her late partner, who stood looking admiringly down at her. Such a childlike, pure, yet thrilling voice it was, such a rippling, innocent laugh!

How lovely she looked! smiles lurked in the happy eyes, on the curved lips, in the dimpled cheeks. The rose tint on her cheeks, the tiny rings of red-brown hair half covering the broad brow, the dark arches of eyebrow and sweeping lashes, enhanced the fairness of her complexion, making a picture which held the attention of the several on-lookers. Mark Hampton felt in every fibre of his being a satisfied delight at the sight of this vision of healthful beauty, but the next words he caught from the lovely lips made him frown. At a whispered sentence from the young man at her side, she turned her shining eyes eagerly, expectantly, in the direction of the parlor door, through which an elegantly dressed, handsome, somewhat dissipated looking man about forty years was slowly entering as one who felt himself a man of mark.

"Oh, is it he? Is that Mr. Landorne? Do you think you can manage an introduction for me, Mr. Brewer, without his suspecting that I particularly desired it?" she asked in low, tense tones which, however, reached Mark clearly.

"Don't worry, my dear," observed the elder lady. "Ernest will manage it all right. We have met Mr. Landorne several times before. Ernest can bring him over here to pay his respects to me, and I will bring about the introduction without a suspicion on his part that it is planned. I wish you all success, Nella."

Mark Hampton felt choked. He was an honorable, pure-hearted gentleman, but in his business as a leading lawyer, he had learned from various sources a great deal to the discredit of the handsome society man, with whom this innocent young girl was so evidently infatuated, and with whom she was so anxious to become acquainted, and it

angered him beyond words that the older woman should so heartlessly lend her aid in beginning an acquaintance between so young a girl and a man of whose character a society woman of her years could not well be ignorant. What he knew of Landorne's career was simply this — that he was originally an adventurer of whose early history little was known. Fifteen years before, he had married a wealthy woman considerably his senior, who died within a few years thereafter, leaving him sole heir to her estate. Her lawyer was Mark Hampton's special friend, and he had thus become cognizant of the suspicions current in regard to Landorne's character. Soon after the death of his first wife he succeeded in winning the love of a young girl possessed in her own right of considerable property. He married her and became the father of several children, only one of whom survived. Although it was known that his rather weak-minded wife was devoted to him, he had of late made application for a divorce from her, and it was whispered that he had managed to obtain full control of her fortune by ways known best to himself; and the divorcee, it was pretty well understood, was sought with the end in view of a third marriage to a young, handsome, and rich lady who had become infatuated with him. It disgusted Mark Hampton that women should go wild over a man of this stamp, and when, a few minutes later, he saw young Brewer escorting George Landorne towards his mother, and noted the look of anxiety in the eyes of the girl she had called Nella, he muttered to himself in an outraged way, "The lovely little fool! Oh, the pity of it all!" then straightway sought out his host and hostess, bade them "good-night" with an assurance that he had highly enjoyed the evening, and went home.

Mark Hampton was a mystery to his few "society" friends, who thought him also an exceptionally fortunate fellow, since at thirty he was not only a successful lawyer, with a good practice, but had been elected State Representative from his own district in Boston, for the second term. The factors in Mark Hampton's career which had most influence in determining his character were first, that his mother (but recently deceased), a woman of considerable force of character, and a refined nature, had brought up this only son very carefully, had guarded his youth from evil ways, and made him the earnest, truth-loving man he was. Secondly,

he had fallen in love, before he was of age, with a banker's daughter, a pretty, coquettish, spoiled child of fashion and frivolity, who jilted him for a richer, less manly, and elderly lover. Mark sought consolation for his wounded love and pride in devotion to his professional work, and could now meet, as he often did in society, his former lady love, with a kindly air of superiority, and without any feeling, save that of gratitude, at his escape from marriage with the faded belle whose simpering conversation was now a bore to his cultivated taste.

As one of the people's chosen representatives, and one of Massachusetts' law-makers, he found his personal correspondence considerably enlarged. Circulars, pamphlets, inquiries in regard to more subjects than he had dreamed could come within the province of a Boston representative to the State Legislature; letters of complaint, congratulation, explanation, advice, defiance, information, came to him by every mail.

On the morning after the party, his morning mail was unusually large. Newspapers and circulars he put aside for evening work; one or two letters which he guessed might contain matters of personal importance he opened first. After these came a request from one of his constituents to find a place for one of his relatives, as assistant in some minor office at the State House; an angry remonstrance from another at an expression used in one of his short speeches; an enthusiastic admirer of the same speech particularly emphasized as "grand" the very sentence for which he had been blamed in the previous letter; then came a clumsy draft of a bill he was asked to introduce soon as possible, and a petition which he was expected to sign, circulate, and return at his own expense of time and postage stamps. A square envelope addressed in a business-like writing, sealed with an undecipherable monogram, and emitting a faint sweet perfume, was the last to be opened and read. It ran thus:—

HON. MARK HAMPTON:

Dear Sir:—As a member of the Woman Suffrage Ward and City Committee of Boston, I am commissioned by that committee to address, and if possible "interview" you for the purpose of learning whether the women of Ward —, which you represent, may rely upon your innate sense of justice to give the woman suffrage cause the helpful influence of your eloquent

advocacy, and of your vote in furtherance of a bill soon to be brought before your legislative body in favor of municipal suffrage for women. If you are too busy to write at length as to your views on the subject, please send to undersigned address a note stating on what day and at what hour you will permit me to call and talk the matter over with you. I feel assured that a man who has so won the confidence of his fellow-citizens as to be elected to your honorable position, must be a man with brain large enough to recognize that the women whom fate or choice has made his social companions are not more incompetent than the majority of the men he daily meets, to express through the ballot their choice of law-makers, and their ideas in regard to the making of laws which they are compelled to obey. Please ask your wife or daughter, if you have either, to express to you their views on the subject. With hope of an immediate reply, I am respectfully yours,

PENELOPE PAGE.

No. — St., Boston.

Previously several petitions, leaflets, and circulars in regard to the question of woman's suffrage had been found in his mail, but this was the first direct personal appeal which had reached Mark Hampton on that subject, and the letter awoke his curiosity, while the allusion to a possible wife and daughter amused him, as did the incongruity of the name "Penelope," associated as it was, in his mind, with that Grecian dame whose name in history is redolent of all wifely household virtues. The name in full — Penelope Page — held for him an aroma of Puritanism, and suggested a prim and precise old maid of the story-book type, tall and sallow, with a shrill voice and caustic tone.

Among his fellows Mark was accounted a man of more than ordinary information and broad views on public questions; yet he was woefully ignorant as to the rights or wrongs of woman, and had given little thought to the subject.

Within the same hour that Mark Hampton received and read the letter sent him by Penelope Page, another phase of the woman question was being presented in a shabbily furnished upper room of a lodging-house on a quiet, unfashionable street within ten minutes' walk of his home. In this room a pale, care-worn woman of perhaps thirty-five years, whose rather weak face was yet dignified by an air of sweet refinement and culture, was walking with nervous impatience, back and forth, ever and anon pausing to glance out

of the window, or near the door as if listening for an expected footfall or voice. A look of hopeful satisfaction gleamed in her tearful eyes when, at length, a gentle tap was heard, and the door opened to admit the graceful figure of a young lady carrying a music roll in her hands, with a wide-awake, business air about her, very unlike the fashionable bearing of the pretty dancer of the night before, whose superficiality had so disgusted Mark Hampton. And yet through the disguising change from becoming evening dress to the quiet hat, dark, close-fitting wrap of coarse material, which now covered the graceful form, even he would have recognized the eyes, complexion, and strangely sweet voice as the same as those seen and heard under very different circumstances. But now there was a serious thoughtfulness and dignity in eyes, voice, and manner, which made her appear a very different sort of being.

"I have only a short time to give you, Clara," she began at once, "as I fear I may be late with the first lesson I am to give this morning; for I overslept, being up so late last night; fashionable life doesn't agree with me, you see," with a serious smile; "but I knew how anxious you would be to hear the result of my last night's adventure."

"Oh, did you see him, Nella? tell me — tell me all about it!" interrupted the lady in an imploring tone. "I have lain awake all night thinking, hoping, and fearing!" and she pressed her hands to her heart with intent gaze fixed on her visitor's face.

"Be patient, dear, and I will tell you," said the girl in a soothing tone. "O Clara, I wish you would cease caring for that man, he is utterly unworthy of your love, and pardon me, but if he *is* your husband, I must say I most heartily despise and dislike him!"

"He is my child's father," murmured the woman with a sob.

"Well, Mrs. Brewer — bless the dear woman! — when I told her the circumstances, entered into the plan with all her heart, and procured me the invitation to the Hammond's party without any trouble. Of course she did not tell them I was only her little Elsie's music teacher, but represented me as a young friend of her family. Her son, Mr. Fred Brewer, was told just enough to enlist his sympathies, and to feel bound to keep his knowledge to himself; his lady-

love is out of the city so everything went on swimmingly. He acted beautifully, even sent me a bouquet of rare roses to wear, danced with me several sets, and introduced me to other good partners; so for once I mixed business and pleasure in an undreamed-of way, and really enjoyed the party I had looked forward to with such fear. Then Mrs. Brewer acted altogether like an angel, insisted upon my wearing a few ornaments of her own; I am afraid she did not like it when I refused to accept them as a gift, but I knew the romance of the thing had bewildered her, so I kept my courage up to refuse them. I *did* have a delightful evening until Mr. Brewer whispered to me that your — Mr. Landorne had arrived. Then I was all of a tremble, and if I hadn't promised you, I'm sure I don't know how I could have faced the ordeal. How it was managed I hardly know, but presently I found myself being introduced to him by Mrs. Brewer who purposely mumbled my name so that he might suspect nothing."

"What did you think of him, Nella? Isn't he fine looking? Did he look sad? Is he in good health, do you think?" eagerly questioned the listener.

Nella looked at her with vexed, yet pitiful eyes. Then the dimples reappeared as she replied with a smile:—

"He didn't look nice to me, Clara; he isn't *my* husband, you know, and I wish he had never been yours. I knew too much about him to yield to his doubtless many fascinations!"

"But he *is* my husband, Nella, darling. Oh, my heart will break if he cannot be turned from his wicked purpose; *then* he will be my husband no longer. Nella, Nella, I cannot bear it! I am willing to accept any humiliation if I can make him love me as he once professed!" and the poor, weak wife broke into a storm of tears.

"Don't, Clara," begged the young girl, her own eyes filling, and her voice trembling with sympathy, as she threw her arms round the elder woman. "I'm sure if it were not that I know so many good and true men, your story and mamma's would make me hate the whole race of them. Do control yourself, dear, for it is nearly time for me to go, and I haven't told you the outcome of it all. He seemed to fancy that I was greatly impressed by him in spite of his forty years and dissipated look, and asked me to dance with

him. I couldn't quite do that, even for your sake, but I did what must have appeared to him, then, an extraordinary thing for a girl. I told him I was tired of dancing, but I had heard so much about him from a relative of mine, that I would greatly enjoy a chat with him, if he wouldn't mind staying with me in the quiet corner Mrs. Brewer had secured for us. The wickedest smile came over his face for just a moment at that — for I had put on my silliest *girliest* manner for his benefit. Just then Mrs. Brewer opportunely saw some one across the room whom it was absolutely necessary for her to interview, and she asked her son to escort her, and Mr. Landorne and I were alone. I didn't speak for a minute or two, for I was trying to think what was best to say, and to keep up an outward appearance of being engaged in trifling chat in case of anyone's observing us. He was paying me some senseless compliments when I got collected enough to listen. You should have seen the look of utter discomfiture and surprise on his face when I told him, smiling all the while and playing with my fan, that mamma and I, having several times addressed letters on your behalf to him, and having been refused answer or hearing by him, I had taken this method, our family pride being involved, of meeting him to find out what his intentions were in regard to you and your little girl, and to beg of him for your sake and Georgiana's to give up his expressed intention of applying for a divorce, a plea for which he had no legal grounds, but depended on your sensitive love for him not to contest. Don't be angry, Clara, but I could not help reminding him that but for your wifely submission to his wishes, he would have no money to carry out his dastardly schemes, and you would not be left without means to hire lawyers to contest his suit. He was thunderstruck at first on finding out that I was the daughter of the indigent aunt with whom you had found refuge in your trouble, so I had a chance to give him quite a little lecture before he recovered breath. I have that consolation!"

"And then —" the woman asked breathlessly, her heart shining through her eager eyes.

"And then," continued Nella in a dispirited tone, "as soon as he gathered his wits together, he rose and left me with a low bow, saying with a mocking smile, that you were very kind to send so pretty an ambassador of peace,

and if he concluded to remain in the family, he would send you word. Clara, I hate him!"

"O Nella, do you think —" the poor wife, with a look of hope, began.

"No, I do *not* think as you would like me to, you poor, abused woman. I wish with all my heart you had my spirit and would put him out of your heart and mind, or would learn to hate him as he deserves; but since you can't I will consult some lawyer at my first leisure, and see if there is any redress, short of the open court and the newspapers, for you."

"Ah, Nella," sighed Mrs. Landorné, "you, a free-hearted, unwed girl talk now about your spirit; so could I have done once, but that was before I loved, or was a wife and mother. You have never been tried as I have."

"But I have been tried in mamma's case, Clara, — but then mamma had plenty of spirit herself, and much good it did her! Only she is not heart-broken as you are, poor dear!" said the girl as she prepared to leave.

Two days later Mark Hampton's clerk, entering his private office, told him that a lady wished to consult him.

"Show her in here," was Mark's order.

The lady's face was partially concealed by her veil, but the low, rich, somewhat tremulous voice seemed wonderfully familiar to Mark's sensitive ears, as she asked his terms for advice, explaining that she had come to ask counsel in behalf of a friend whom she dearly loved, who had been defrauded out of her money by her husband, and was obliged to keep her child in hiding for fear he might have power to deprive her of it. That she wished to know what could be done to prevent a wicked husband from torturing a rather weak-willed and loving woman, and from bringing the disgraceful publicity of a divorce suit upon a respectable family.

"I am only a music teacher myself," she went on after this explanation, "but I am considered a good one, and have plenty of paying pupils. It is only since this trouble came upon my cousin that my mother and I learned of her relationship to us; and as mother is keeping a boarding-house, and my cousin has no other relatives, we think it our duty to help her through this crisis, and if your fees are not too high we will be responsible for the amount. The fact is, mamma feels this to be peculiarly her duty since she has herself been

a sufferer of the same sort. When papa died his affairs were only understood by his business partner, a widower, who in a year or so made mamma believe that he was indispensable to her in person and business. She married him; within another year he got full control of her property, and left both her and myself destitute when she separated from him on account of his evil ways. That is why she is keeping boarders, and I am teaching music. We avoided public talk in mamma's case, but my cousin doesn't want to give her husband up without a struggle, for in spite of his cruelty she loves him very dearly, and is heart-broken over his desertion; so now you understand the case, you will do what you can for her, won't you?" she pleaded.

In her earnestness she tried, as she spoke, to free her face from the veil tied round her hat, but much to her embarrassment, and to Lawyer Hampton's great astonishment, hat and all tumbled to the floor.

The incident caused a vivid flash of color to come to her cheeks, an amused, embarrassed laugh to escape, which brought the dimples into play, the soft rings of red-brown hair clinging damply to the white brow to be revealed, the brown eyes to shine and sparkle, and the one rose at the throat of her brown wrap to scatter its petals over the floor and its fragrance through the room.

Here, in this working-bee who was thus generously proposing to distribute her garnered hard-won gains for the good of another, he discovered the supposed butterfly of fashion whom a few evenings before he had so bitterly condemned. Then, at the thought came a remembrance of her mysterious eagerness to meet Landorne. It could not be possible that this sweet girl, whose beautiful eyes, now that her hat was properly adjusted, were turned in apparent sincere perplexity on him, was other than what she now appeared. He determined to find out.

"You have not told me your cousin's name," he said. "If I know the man I could perhaps be better able to judge of the case."

The color rose again to her cheeks.

"Yes, of course you will be obliged to know his name, and his wife's address," she replied slowly. "I presume you may have heard of him, George Landorne. My cousin is Mrs. Clara Landorne of No. — — — St."

"Landorne? I have heard of him; I suppose you know the sort of reputation he has, and the kind of man he is?" he asked, watching her narrowly.

She shook her head.

"No, I know nothing save what his wife has told me. I have met him but once, and hope never to be obliged to meet him again. As he will not grant her a private interview, returns her letters unopened, and refuses to communicate with her except through his lawyer, she has over and over again begged me to go to him and plead her cause. I didn't want to do that, but a short time since I heard by accident that he was to be present at a large party to be given by a relative of a lady whose younger children are my pupils, invitations had been sent to herself, her son, and a niece that had been staying with her, but who was called home just before the affair came off. My employer asked me if I would like to go in the place of her niece, and I told her I would if she could manage to get me introduced to Mr. Landorne, and I explained the reason, for I thought if I could get a few quiet words with him in a public place he couldn't misrepresent my conduct, nor misconstrue my motives. Her son got interested in the matter, and he and his mother managed it all beautifully — but, oh dear —" she broke off with a wearied gesture.

"Will you tell me what was the result of your meeting?" suggested Hampton.

"It makes me furious to remember it, but I will tell you. He asked me to dance, not knowing, you understand, who I was. I said I preferred a little quiet talk with him. He looked flattered, but I very soon undeceived him. As soon as he understood who I was, and my purpose in seeking him, he laughed in my face, and left me with some very unpleasant remarks. I despise him!" she broke out passionately, "and I wonder how my cousin, or any woman, could endure, much less long for, the society of such a man! Mamma's experience and that of Mrs. Landorne are object lessons for all unmarried women!"

How the lovely eyes flashed. For a moment Hampton was inclined to utter a jesting word in defence of mankind generally, but at a second look at the girl's sincere face full of lofty contempt for such men as Landorne, he refrained. He had felt also a little anger at himself, as he listened to

this explanation of a scene which he had, in witnessing, so wrongly interpreted, and he longed to make some reparation for the wrong done even in thought to her. But he could not explain this to her, and he contented himself with promising to see what could be done in the way of a private settlement, offering to interview Landorne himself, and to report progress to her as early as possible. When he asked to whom he should address his report, she gave him a card, bearing the name "Elinor Searle," the street and number corresponding with the address given for Mrs. Landorne.

Despite the pressure of his manifold duties as lawyer and legislator, Mark Hampton during the next few days found himself, to his own surprise, recalling frequently the looks, tones, and gestures of his visitor, and at every unoccupied moment his mind dwelt on the possibilities of bringing Mrs. Landorne's case to a happy conclusion. He smiled at his own deep interest in the matter, and wondered at his unlawyer-like enthusiasm in so commonplace an affair. It haunted him so persistently that he sought much earlier than he otherwise should an interview with Landorne. He came away from that interview in a very disgusted frame of mind, and with a contempt for the handsome, insolent creature, which was, to say the least, unbusiness-like; yet he had kept his indignation so well in hand that Landorne had no suspicion of that feeling in him; otherwise he would never have yielded to the reasonable arguments presented in so friendly a way by Hampton, to get his divorce (on that point no arguments could move him) quietly as possible, and to secure his wife and child a sum sufficient for their support on condition that she did not contest his suit for desertion, promising also to leave the child in her care and custody on the same terms. His success was so little in accord with what he had hoped that he put off day by day writing to Miss Searle (Hampton thought of her as "Nella") fearing she would think him less interested in the case than he really was.

While in this uncertain state he came across, one day, the almost forgotten letter of the woman suffragist, "Penelope Page." He had heard it hinted that in a day or two the bill in behalf of municipal suffrage for women would be called up in the House of Representatives. As we have seen, he had never given the subject much thought, but his

remembrance of the fine wrath flashed from the loveliest brown eyes he had ever looked into, over "man's inhumanity to woman," made him re-read Penelope Page's letter with attention. And when half an hour later he laid aside his cigar to write a cordial yet dignified invitation to the aggresed maiden lady signing herself "Penelope Page, Suffragist," to meet him at his office during business hours the next day, it was with no desire to make sport of the "crank" she undoubtedly was, but rather, with an earnest determination to study the woman question more thoroughly than he yet had. And when the following day the office boy, with a quizzical grin, brought into Hampton's inner sanctum a dainty card bearing the name, "Miss Penelope Page," it was in a curious blending of the sympathetic with the patronizing mood that he awaited the old maid's entrance.

Could he believe his eyes? Instead of the sort of woman he expected, there came through the doorway, all smiles and blushes, the one woman who had occupied so much of his thoughts since he had first seen her gliding airily through the mazes of the dance at his friend's party. His surprise was so great that as he rose to greet her, he did so in a puzzled manner, glancing beyond her through the open door as if expecting another person to follow her, as he exclaimed: —

"Oh, it is you, Miss Searle! I was expecting another person."

There was a mischievous twinkle in the smiling brown eyes as she advanced toward him, but this was offset by the sweet earnestness with which she said: "I see you are surprised, Mr. Hampton, at seeing me in response to your note to 'Miss Page,' since I purposely gave you mamma's card, instead of my own, when you asked for my address, for I live with her, of course, and the business on which I saw you was mamma's as well as my own, as I think I told you. Business pertaining to my suffrage work I have directed to our clubroom, however, as even mamma is a little sensitive about having it come to our home address. My own name, you know, is Penelope Page. It is mamma whose name is Searle. My own father's name was Page."

"But I thought you were called Nella," he said blunderingly; then in answer to her wondering look, seeing he had betrayed himself he went on: "Now you are wondering how

I came to know that? To tell you the truth, though you were not aware of it, I was at the party when you were introduced to Mr. Landorne, and heard your lady friend address you as Nella, so of course I thought it a diminutive of Elinor. My interest in your cousin's affair caused me to remember having seen you before. I make this explanation to excuse my perhaps impertinent surprise, but how in the world should I guess that a *young* lady like you could be a prominent worker in such a—well, 'cranky' cause, or write me such a letter as 'Penelope Page, Suffragist,' wrote?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Hampton," she said, and there was a deeper seriousness in the soft young voice than he had yet heard, "when the other day I told you my poor cousin's sad story, and when I hinted somewhat in regard to that of my own dear mamma, apparently you did not think it at all singular that 'so young a person' as I should be able to feel a genuine interest in their troubles, or to have a thorough understanding of the wrongs done them by reason of the injustice of man-made laws regarding the position of women in marriage as compared with that of men. If you stop to think about it, you will see that since I am in daily companionship with these two wronged women, whose stories naturally draw around them many other women with similar life-experiences (experiences which are by no means rare—sometimes I am almost inclined to think such cases the rule rather than the exception) why, I should be lacking in common sense, as well as in the commonest sentiments of humanity, if I did not dedicate the best of myself to the work of emancipation of women! Do you know, Mr. Hampton, that to me nothing seems so strange as that *you*,—a lawyer, acquainted with the injustice of the statutes in regard to more than one half 'the people' (and not the uneducated or unthinking half) of this so-called republic, and a law-maker as well, for thousands of wronged and voiceless, voteless women, should wonder that a young woman like myself should have taken up with what you choose to call 'cranky' notions! If you wonder at me, a girl who has had practical illustration of the evils of one-sided, one-sexed laws, I would just like to see your amazement if you could meet the many sweet girls, younger than myself, children of those noble, clear-thinking

men and women who have devoted their lives to working for suffrage reform, girls who, without any personal wrongs to right, are, by force of inheritance, fearlessly working in behalf of woman's enfranchisement. O Mr. Hampton, I feel proud, proud, to work in such company! But don't, please, misunderstand me as decrying the lack of sympathy of those who have not been educated in these lines. I can quite understand that your wife, Mr. Hampton, and your mother or sisters, well-cared for and protected by a just man, may conscientiously oppose the suffrage movement because they are unacquainted with the pressure of unjust legislation, but it would be perfidy and treason for such as I to refuse to do all that within us lies to bring about a more equitable state of affairs. But even those who do not suffer, even you, may have daughters less fortunate than their parents (my own mamma's father was a congressman) and for their sakes it behooves you to see that more just sex statutes should take the place of an out-grown, one-sided code of masculine law."

"Oh, come now, Miss Page," here interrupted Mark Hampton, who had frowned, and smiled, and colored by turns at this earnest flow of words, "you are altogether too fast in your conclusions. You ascribe too many good intentions to me, and saddle me with a heavier load of obligations toward the State than I have thought of bearing. I am *not* married, consequently have no daughters to worry over, nor any wife to represent; I never had a sister, and the dearest woman to me in all the world, my mother, died a year ago. I confess if she had been obliged to endure any of the ills of which you speak I might have given this subject more serious attention. Thank heaven, she was so well protected that she never had occasion to even consider the matter, therefore, I, too, have been in ignorance."

Penelope dropped her eyes in sweet confusion. Then she frowned as sweetly.

"Pray, then," she said, "by what right of moral law did you presume to accept the office of representative for our ward, where the women of legal age outnumber the men, since you are not the representative of even one woman in this ward?"

"I beg your pardon," cried Mark, "but really I am not to blame; I didn't elect myself into office, remember, and

if you'll forgive my egotism, I feared some worse man might be elected if I refused the place."

"You are forgiven," she smiled, "and the more readily since I feel free to do so having had no vote in the matter. But we women are not ungrateful, as you will find if you will make a pretty speech in behalf of our bill when it comes up. I, for one, will promise on that condition to cast my first ballot for your re-election, provided I still think you a suitable man for the place!"

From this the talk drifted into other branches of the same subject, then into a consideration of her cousin's case, a hopeless one. Hampton felt assured in his inmost thought, though he did not consider it necessary then to tell Miss Page so. After a little the conversation took a more personal turn, and by a series of insidious lawyerly questioning, Hampton learned from her that though Penelope was the name given to her in baptism—a family name of which she was proud—yet her personal friends had softened the dignified Greek prenomen into "Nella" for home use; that she was twenty-three years of age; that she had ambitions in music; but that the real enthusiasm of her nature was most thoroughly aroused in behalf of the rights as well as duties of her own sex, whose wrongs had been very fully impressed upon her mind from her earliest thinking.

Both had grown so interested that it was nearly dark before their long talk ended. Then he surprised himself as much as her, by proffering her his escort to her home, on the plea of still further discussing woman's suffrage on the way; an offer, however, which was met by a prompt but polite refusal.

Mark Hampton's sleep that night was much disturbed. His mind was busily engaged in the new aspects of the woman question brought before him by Penelope Page. The vision of a lovely girlish face, a pair of pleading expressive brown eyes, and the haunting music of a wistful winning voice served also to help dispel the power of slumber.

During that session of the Massachusetts legislature the bill for municipal suffrage for women was discussed at some length by opposers and favorers of the movement among the representatives. Mark Hampton, much to the surprise of old friends and constituents, made several eloquent and effective

speeches in behalf of the bill. This, however, did not seem to affect them unfavorably, for the next year he was still further honored by an election to the State Senate.

He is still in politics, and an ardent advocate of woman's equality in political rights with man, as well as of her right to an acknowledged individuality, an evidence of which is shown by his always addressing the letters he sends his charming and brilliant young wife whenever either are absent from home by reason of public duties, to her full name, Mrs. Penelope Page Hampton. For his heart had helped plead the woman's cause and his reason was all the more easily convinced when so lovely and sensible a woman as Nella was to him the incarnation of all her sex; and Nella was too proud of her noble convert to risk losing such a champion by refusing to love him, when by becoming his wife she could secure her influence over him forever in behalf of womankind. Though, as he had feared, his legal lore was of no avail in preventing the divorce sought by Mr. Landorne, yet it proved more successful in securing justice—and a divorce—for his wife's mother, securing from her treacherous second husband the property belonging to Nella's father out of which he had illegally defrauded both mother and daughter. Some small portion of that money was recently expended on a handsome marble slab erected over a grave in a quiet corner of Mt. Auburn cemetery, which bears the name of "Mrs. Clara Landorne."

Some of his friends affect to pity Senator Hampton because his wife is a pronounced woman suffragist who sometimes even addresses public audiences on that subject; but when this is gently hinted to him at times, his happy face takes on a more than usually radiant smile as he glances at his lovely and stylish looking wife, and he jestingly says he prefers that she should lecture the public on its duties, rather than him in private on his failings, as is the fashion of some wives with their husbands.

LIFE—A SONNET.

BY WESLEY SYMONS.

I LEAPED on high and took between my hands
The tender green upon the topmost bough,
And laid it by the grass; and on the brow
Of Moosilauke, as in the terraced lands
Beside the rushing river, gathered sands,
And mingled them; and there did demonstrate
An equal brotherhood of small and great
In Nature's kingdom. He who understands
Will wake and see the majesty of death
In the pale purple violet, and the gold
While fading, of the common dandelion—
As when the elm tree totters on the heath
Nature's great heart is shaken, so unfold
The weakening, weary tendrils of the vine.

WOMEN'S CLUBS—A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMAN'S CLUBS.

It is not my purpose to give in detail the history of the remarkable organization the name of which forms the title of this article; but any study of it would be disappointing, as well as inadequate, which should fail to indicate briefly its origin and growth.

Who first conceived the idea of federating the local women's clubs of the country? It is an interesting, a seductive question, to which I shall attempt no direct reply, my own impression being that no woman could have conceived it, unless in the minds of many women the same thought had been consciously or unconsciously present.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the first public expression of the idea was made by the general officers of the National Council of Women of the United States, in an address "To the Organizations of Women in the United States," issued in October, 1888. From this document the following sentences are quoted: "THE LEADING OBJECT OF THIS NEW MOVEMENT is to aggregate all local societies *having the same object* into national societies, eligible to auxiliaryship in the National Council of Women of the United States. For instance, the clubs organized by women in all the leading cities have thus far been isolated; but it is hoped that a convention will be called, within a year, to form a National Federation of Women's Clubs. The influence of individual clubs would be increased by coming into such a federation, and the federation would be eligible to auxiliaryship in the National Council." Among the five signatures affixed to this address, is that of M. Louise Thomas, then treasurer of the National Council, who at the time was also president of Sorosis.

Early in 1889, Sorosis issued a call for a convention, the first paragraph of which ran thus: "In March of the present year, Sorosis, the pioneer woman's club, attains its majority. It is proposed to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary by a convention of clubs to meet in New York on the 18th, 19th and 20th days of March next; and in pursuance of this object, a delegate from your club is cordially invited to be its representative, and assist, by a report of your methods and their results, in furthering the larger aims of the convention."



May Wright Sewall.



There follows an enumeration of "the larger aims," and the fifth on the list is thus stated: To ascertain "the results (of club life) so far as obtained, and the prospects for the future." "The prospects for the future" were immeasurably heightened when the programme for the convention was published, announcing for March 20, at Madison Square Theatre, "A meeting of the conference to organize a permanent confederation of clubs." At this meeting a committee of members of Sorosis, of which Mrs. Lucy C. Thomas was chairman, presented a series of resolutions looking toward a permanent organization. The proposition to form a "permanent confederation of clubs" was approved by the convention; and a committee of fifteen, of which Ella Dietz Clymer was chairman, was appointed to draft a constitution on the basis of the resolutions presented, and to provide an opportunity for its ratification and for the election of officers for the new society, by calling a meeting within a year, at such date and place as its members might elect.

Sorosis had invited to its birthday party all of the clubs of whose existence it could learn, ninety-three in all; of this number more than one half acknowledged the courtesy by sending delegates to the convention. It was therefore a really representative, a truly national body, that took the action above recounted. The entire country was districted and apportioned for correspondence among the committee of fifteen, who consumed a year in writing letters designed to inspire club women with an interest in the new society, and in formulating a provisional constitution.

The meeting for formal organization was called in New York, and continued through April 23, 24, and 25, 1890. In this meeting sixty-three clubs and eighteen states were represented by duly accredited delegates, who adopted a constitution, elected officers,—with Charlotte Emerson Brown heading the list as president,—and started the General Federation of Women's Clubs on a career of which the first period was marked by the biennial meeting held in Chicago on May 11, 12, and 13 of the current year.

At this first biennial meeting, the federation included one hundred and ninety-two clubs, representing thirty-two states. The growth from sixty-three clubs and eighteen states to one hundred and ninety-two clubs and thirty-two states attests the energy and faithfulness of the officers of the federation, but it cannot be explained by their efforts alone. Indeed, this rapid growth is explicable only on the theory that, prior to the organization of the federation, many women had experienced the desire for a closer alliance among their respective clubs. In support of this theory much testimony, doubtless, could be found.

There lies before me a leaflet entitled "Report of a Special

Committee of the Indianapolis Woman's Club on Club Correspondence." This report was adopted Nov. 3, 1882, six years before the general federation was first suggested, seven years before steps preliminary to its formation were taken, eight years before its organization was effected.

The following sentences indicate the spirit of one club a decade ago, and its effort to reach out to other clubs the praying and helping hand as well: "Organized forms of intellectual activity among women are yet of recent date. The majority of women's clubs now existent are not so strong and self-centred as to be beyond the limits of extraneous help. No help is more agreeable to receive or delightful to impart than that which flows from the sympathy generated by similar effort under similar circumstances. The committee recognizes that the Indianapolis Woman's Club owes much to clubs of an earlier origin than its own, a knowledge of whose workings has been a guide in its own attempts, and whose success was an inspiration to it in its feeble beginnings.

"The committee believes that only by doing for other groups of women, who here and there are making isolated attempts at self-culture, what older clubs did for our own in its weakness, can this club pay the debt it owes to such clubs. It would, moreover, seem that the same effort which has been spent in intermittent letter writing would result in vastly more benefit to all concerned if it could be systematized. The committee therefore recommends that an agreement be entered into among the best known clubs, to exchange programmes and new plans of work at the beginning of each club year. . . . Also it recommends an exchange of copies of constitutions and similar documents whenever the same are revised. Further, that programmes of special meetings, entertainments, and the like be sent from each club to the others whenever such meetings occur. This will enable clubs to mark one another's growth, and will be suggestive of better methods to all."

This suggestion that a contract be entered into among clubs for mutual help, that their correspondence be systematized, and their relations organized, made a decade ago by one club, was sent by it to all the clubs over the country, the addresses of which could be ascertained. Although the response was not warm enough to encourage further effort at the time, many clubs were drawn by this report, and the correspondence arising from it, into nearer sympathy. One explanation of the delay in bringing clubs into an organized union, is found in the absence of any public organ of communication. The *Cycle*, which, from September, 1889, to September, 1890, afforded such a medium, exerted an influence upon the growth of the federation too



HESTER M. POOLE.



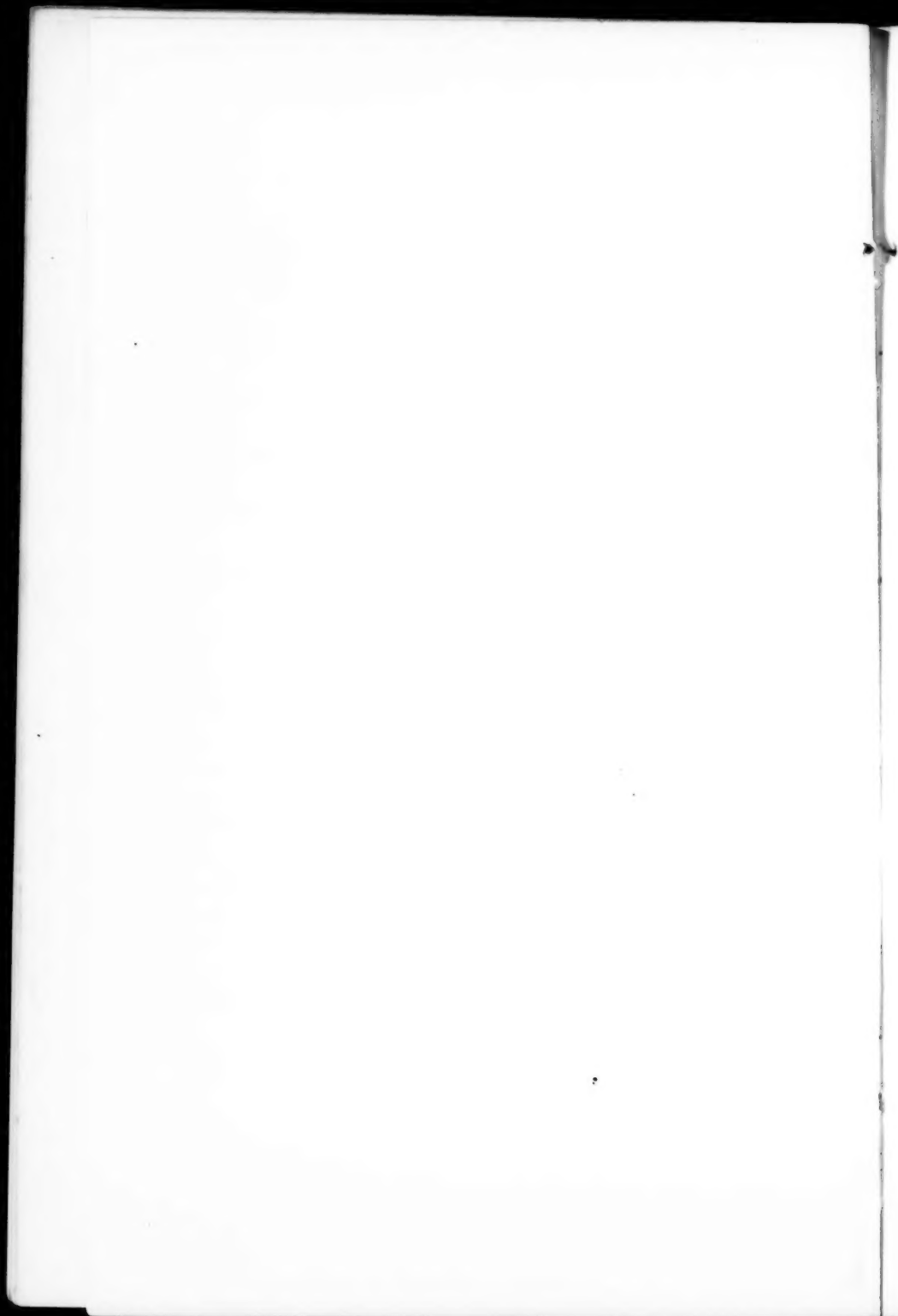
MARY E. BOYCE.



ELLEN M. MITCHELL.



JULIA HOLMES SMITH, M. D.



important to be omitted in the briefest statement. The revival of the *Cycle* as an independent journal, after a cessation of nearly two years, is a pledge of increased strength to the federation, to whose present strength, indeed, the revival is due.

The significance of the federation depends upon several considerations. That this union of women's clubs grew out of the birthday festival of Sorosis, as the International and National Councils of Women had grown out of the anniversary party of another society, suggests the degree to which sentiment and social feeling are quickened and augmented in women by their associated efforts to promote their own culture or to advance reforms, and affords the best refutation of the charge that intellectual activity in women tends to diminish their affectional power, and to diminish their regard for the graceful amenities of social life.

In the general federation is found the amplest expression of the influence of women's clubs upon society. In the first half of this century, nay, even twenty years ago, the social relations, even of people of means, were largely determined by their religious and political sympathies, and were limited to the church which the women of a family attended, and to the party with which the men of a family voted. The greatest personal and social benefit of the club results from the fact that it removes its members from the exclusive influence of what some women delight to call "our own kind," and brings them, at regular intervals, into the liberalizing atmosphere of a company constituted of many kinds, and representing all the creeds and parties found in a community, and many different social ranks as well. It was in the woman's club that the wives and daughters of business men and of professional men, that business women, teachers, professional women, writers, artists, and that distinct class which, including members of all the others, is separated from all, in the public mind, by the phrase "society women," first met on a common plane — on a plane outside of that upon which any one of them habitually stood.

In the club, "society women," as a class, first discovered that women who pursue serious objects do not, thereby, forfeit their social qualities; and on the other hand, in the club, the women who "follow occupations" and advocate "causes," first learned that they do not monopolize seriousness, and that "society women," whom they had been wont to deem altogether frivolous, are, equally with themselves, capable of earnest purpose.

Every observer recognizes the growing tolerance among all classes of differences in religious belief. Perhaps no one has measured the share that the woman's club has had in the nurture of this tolerance. Before the club era, if Presbyterian women studied the lives of the Wesleys at all, there were no Methodists

present to correct their views; but in the historical and biographical studies presented in the club, every essayist is more or less influenced to an impartial consideration of her theme, more or less spurred to a research that will cover all sides of the question, by the knowledge that her little audience will include women whose predilections differ from her own.

I believe that the prevailing friendliness among all Protestant sects, the abatement of local strifes and jealousies,—which formerly separated communities into social sets, the barriers between which coincided with denominational lines,—is due in larger degree to women's clubs than to any other one influence. That the club may accomplish its perfect work in this direction, it is requisite that the Hebrew and the Romanist be brought into our club membership.

Again, although within clubs, women of every shade of radicalism as well as of conservatism are found, the majority of club women belong to what is popularly known as the "conservative element." As a class, they are neither "white ribboners" nor "suffragists." Individuals among them may be both; but these are club women, not because of their advocacy of the reforms implied in these names, but independent of this fact.

The large majority of the women in attendance at the recent Biennial Convention of the Federation in Chicago, are home-staying, church-going women, with no career, and no disposition to seek a career outside of the home and the church and those neighborhood charities which flow from a sense of domestic and religious obligations. That hundreds of women whose whole lives have been spent in acquiring and illustrating "sweet domestic grace" should leave their homes, the supposed proper theatre of such grace, and travel across half a continent to spend several days in discussing questions pertinent to club life, shows, as no other convention of women could, how great is the deflection of the popular judgment from its recent standards.

All other conventions of women, like all conventions of men, are animated by zeal for a definite, distinct, yet common purpose; they bring together women who are employed in the same or similar industries, or who are members of the same profession, or women who are working to secure the ballot, or "prohibition," or those who wish to do certain missionary service through the same sectarian channel.

How different are the spirit and the object of the federation in its conventions! Clubs meet in the federation just as women meet in clubs, excepting that in the federation the women themselves are not there as *individuals*, but as representatives of their respective clubs. Each woman is, for the time, her club; her delegate capacity puts upon her the obligation to see every ques-

tion as her club, in its majority, would see it. What an education! Here, also, the greatest lesson of club life is emphasized: the club affords opportunity for self-sacrifice, which is the main lesson of the church; but the club itself teaches self-development. Self-development, self-culture, mutual improvement, enlargement of one's powers—these are the primary objects of the club. These lessons really negate the doctrine which in women has been most assiduously inculcated; the club enjoins not service through self-sacrifice, through repression, abasement, self-effacement, but service through self-development.

Of any noble undertaking, the result is always larger than the conscious purpose. The General Federation of Women's Clubs is at the threshold of its career; but already it is evident that, perhaps without intention, but as certainly and effectively as if the intention were already conscious to every member, it will be a mighty factor in the nurture of that enlarged patriotism upon whose maintenance and growth the life of our republic depends. As the local club is erasing the lines between sects and classes in communities, so the federation will help to erase the lines made by historical antecedents between sections and the classes in our country. Great intellectual perception is necessary to grasp the real meanings of the phrase "The United States of North America." The cause that once threatened a latitudinal severance of the country is removed. Divisions along longitudinal lines are equally perilous. We deprecate a "solid South," and know that a solid North were equally to be regretted. Western and Eastern, if arrayed against each other in prejudice, are as dangerous as Northern and Southern when used as watchwords.

Great magnanimity of spirit is requisite to a patriotism commensurate with this gigantic country; with a patriotism in which sectional bias finds no welcome. I believe that the general federation will lift women out of the provincial limitations which induce sectionalism, into the national perceptions which secure patriotism.

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

II.

CLUB LIFE IN NEW YORK.

That societies formed by women for women, are important agencies in the development which must antedate a higher civilization, no dispassionate student of social economics can doubt.

Less than a quarter of a century ago, New York City witnessed the incorporation of the first strictly woman's club in this country. In religious and reformatory movements where woman had worked with man or under his direction, she had proved indefatigable as well as enthusiastic. Still, lack of experience in

business methods, superficial views of duty, and the bondage of social precedent, restricted her activities and her development.

To the three leading clubs in New York City—Soros, the Ladies' New York Club, and the Woman's Press Club, named in the order of their age—admission is eagerly sought. Each numbers about two hundred active members. Then there are numberless smaller clubs formed for the purpose of study and work along special lines. There is evident, under a variety of manifestations, a significant and increasing impetus toward organization among women. That this was not formerly the case, even beardless youth can remember.

In the new departure Soros was pioneer. Incorporated in 1868 through the courage of eight residents of New York, "in order to bring together women engaged in literary, artistic, scientific, and philanthropic pursuits, with a view of rendering them helpful to each other and useful to society," the club passed through all stages of ridicule and misrepresentation before conquering respect.

More helpful than its founders dared to hope, has this society proved. It is a school where each member is both pupil and teacher. That it was needed, is proven by a fact which now seems almost incredible. Prior to the bi-monthly meetings of Soros at Delmonico's, no woman, even in daylight, when unattended, could procure a meal at a first-class restaurant in New York; neither, in the majority of cases, could she secure a room in a first-class hotel, while grievous restrictions hedged about evening amusements, lectures, and concerts. The greater liberty of action heartily and innocently enjoyed by women to-day is primarily due to the woman's club.

The success of the pioneer insured that of others on various bases. The Ladies' New York Club, while indulging in classes and entertainments, was formed by society women to meet the requirements of suburban dwellers. Here they meet, lodge, eat, receive their friends, and, for the time being, enjoy the conveniences of home.

But what is this on-coming multitude which, out of an afore-time weary set of stragglers, is forming into regiments and marching toward commanding heights in the war between labor and old enslaving conditions? What but the working women of New York, uniting in self-governing, co-operative clubs which strive for self-support! Only nine years ago the first club was established. Now twenty-four of them, containing twenty-five hundred members, have club-rooms and libraries, and prove themselves to be among the greatest educational forces of the age. Classes in physical and mental culture, warmth and light and beauty in their evening gatherings, friends among the leisure

class who are "hands and feet to the heads of the club," and who meet them unconventionally, — all are helps beyond what words can describe.

The fact should be emphasized that these are not charitable organizations, but thoroughly democratic bodies, in striking contrast to other societies of working-girls controlled by a few kind spirits of the leisure class. Their unique organ, *Far and Near*, is to them an incalculable help.

These societies are tiny rills, which, uniting, may make a mighty river to turn the wheels of the "mills of God."

Six years ago was organized the order of the King's Daughters, which in one sense is a woman's club. A large proportion of its more than two hundred thousand members belong in New York, its birthplace. Its object, "to develop spiritual life and stimulate Christian activity," commends it to all sorts and conditions of women. Like other organizations, it is a most valuable educational agency.

The Woman's Press Club, only two years old, is a thriving, useful, and wide-awake organization.

In clubs, woman has learned to know woman. Before this date, a few, lifting their heads like noble mountain peaks above the level of their ranks, called to each other across vast spaces of time and distance, then sank to rest. Now, from heart to heart, the electric thrill of sympathy belts the world. A greater good than any special work is that enlargement of nature, that charity, and especially, that capacity for judicial judgment, which is the result of wide experience rather than distinction of sex.

In club gatherings, women gain breadth of view from mingling with their fellows of San Francisco or Bombay. These meetings break down conventional barriers, prove the mighty power of organizations, call out the strange sweetness of conscious sisterhood, and stir latent capacities hitherto unsuspected.

No longer isolated, women begin to feel the solidarity of the race. In new activities they find a healthy balance for those congested emotions which were their bane. And so the magnificent audacity of progress utilizes the social mechanism of the club, in order to develop character and uplift the standard of social, intellectual, and moral excellence. Without doubt women's clubs are stepping-stones to noble organizations of both men and women.

HESTER M. POOLE.

III.

THE BOSTON CLUB WOMAN.

The Boston club woman, a product of the associated spirit which was stimulated by the Sanitary Commission in the Civil

War, was an anomaly twenty-four years ago. The mild sarcasm, staid rebukes, and uplifted eyebrows of conservatism mattered little to the women who met Feb. 16, 1868, at Dr. Harriot K. Hunt's, and in March at Miss Abby W. May's, when a constitution and the name of New England Women's Club were adopted, and Mrs. Caroline M. Severance made president. Radical were its leaders termed, progressive were they in spirit and action. Society stood aloof, but the well-known intelligence and public spirit of the founders of the club compelled recognition. Even to-day, while still a powerful social force in moulding the life of Boston, the club has little connection with society, in the limited application of that word.

Many of its early members were prominent women in various ways; all were earnest yet eager for social intercourse. Though their first aims were largely practical, the furnishing of rooms and lunches to women, and the establishment of a registry for the higher grades of employment, the original talent of the members in charades, poetical picnics, and other intellectual fun, was more in demand than at present.

Whatever its pleasures, its weekly meetings, broad, generous, practical, ideal, have always been and still are the best exponents of its purposes. None but a New Englander can understand the duty in that word "meetings." It signifies the inheritance into which she is born, against which there is no use in struggling, and through which she is to elevate the race. These began, Nov. 6, 1868, with one hundred and thirty-five members, at 3 Tremont Place, one of those peculiar little nooks of old Boston which had no exit except through the entrance. After eight years the club moved to 4 Park Street, where it has since leased the whole building. In 1871 Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was elected president. She is still its beloved and honored chief officer, and to her is largely due the brilliancy and intellectual vigor of the club.

The public institutions or enterprises that have grown out of this private corporation of the club are many and noble. In 1870 came the Horticultural School for women, chiefly through the influence of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, which was no longer needed when women were admitted to the Buzzey Institution. The "Friendly Evening Association" migrated for a while into "Bosfin's Bower," the idea taking permanent form in the establishment of the "Women's Educational and Industrial Union." A committee of the club also became interested in dress reform, and opened a store for that purpose, eventually selling out the business. The project of the Latin School for Girls, the School Suffrage Law, and the appointment of women on the School Committee were here first agitated, three of the four women on the School Board first elected by the city being club members.

One of the pleasantest features of club existence is its class work. Botany, political economy, literature, etc., studied under the leadership of some member, have given to friendship an intellectual basis and occupy many hours in many days which otherwise would be solitary, as women find themselves no longer young.

The receptions, lunches, and monthly teas of the club are notable for their wit and the distinguished strangers in whose honor they have often been held. The greatest simplicity, or a pleasing economy, whichever term is preferable, marks all these occasions. Even the club parlors have little aesthetic quality; but it is hardly missed when women, noble in bearing, strong and tender in face, courteous and cordial in greeting, transfigure the rooms with their presence.

The names of Miss Abby May, Miss Lucretia Crocker, and Professor Maria Mitchell, who have died; of Mrs. E. D. Cheney, of Miss Lucia Peabody, the devoted secretary, and of hosts of others who are still with us, have given the club a prestige which makes it not alone the first in date, but the leading club in New England, and the parent of similar organizations all over the country, and of several smaller ones in Boston itself, notably the Saturday Morning Club, founded by Mrs. Howe for young women. The Boston club woman was never the aggressive, meddlesome, angular female of comic pictures. Generally middle aged, she is fast becoming younger. She is simple not complex, alert but patient, self-conscious and deprecatory; very moral and persistent; keen and good humored; intelligent and inquisitive; sympathetic and broad. Always life learned she now often is college trained. Seldom wealthy, she is always generous; simple, monotonous even in dress; her home is full of pictures and books, with an absence of bric-a-brac and tidies. Her children adore her; her husband and friends rely on her good sense. The club woman of New England is like her Boston prototype. Connected with every reform which takes shape unto itself in this land of "fads" and cranky philanthropies, she is invariably so broad minded, ready hearted, and wise judging, that she stands erect in her simple dignity, and gives her labor and interest to whatever causes she deems helpful. As a rule she is pre-eminently a religious woman, and, though gifted with facility in verse and prose, she is seldom a novelist or historian, but is always a good housekeeper.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

IV.

THE CLUB IN CONSERVATIVE PHILADELPHIA.

It is customary to think of Philadelphia as in all things "conservative"; but probably a glance at her record would show that

in her attitude to women she has always been more "progressive" than any other city in the world. Perhaps it is from the old Quaker feeling that a woman had a perfect right to "speak in meetin'" that the sex here has found less resistance to almost any line of action it might choose, than is customary in other communities.

Thirty years ago, when men were still selling dry goods and trimmings over the counters of New York and New England, women were filling nearly all such positions in the Quaker city; and they have since pressed on, quite unhindered, into every industrial situation they were fitted to fill. The first medical college for women was established here, and Dr. Ann Preston and Dr. Hannah Longshore were pioneers in the corps of this country's female practitioners. About the same time Lucretia Mott and Mary Grew were making public addresses in behalf of the southern slave, and a little later Anna Dickenson stepped out of an old Quaker family and took the political platform with a success never attained by any one else of her sex.

So, when the first woman's club was established, the public sentiment on woman's privilege to do as she felt "moved by the spirit" was so serene, that not a ripple of surprise passed over the community. Presumably, the club had its birth in our city for the same reasons that led to its advent elsewhere: because of a perhaps unconfessed longing on the part of woman for attrition with her kind, the larger education which comes of contact with the world. The education of the past century was meagre enough for all, but the cream of it was bestowed on the boys. The education of woman dates back not more than twenty-five years, when the college doors were first opened to her. But when the man and woman start out with even acquirements, the latter is sure to be left behind, because of the education the former gains simply in his every-day experience. His life is a continual attrition with his equals or betters. Her life in the home is one of isolation, or dealing with dependents. His life broadens, becomes alert; he is full of plans and ambitions. She grows petty, occupied with trifles, warped, censorious.

Perhaps in the city of homes, where we fully and frankly worship the domestic idol, the club idea would not have sprung so early into being, had it not been for the centennial celebration in 1876. Under the spur of that great undertaking, aroused by public interests, the women of Philadelphia came out of their denominational and local seclusions, and stood revealed to each other as never before; and when the work was over and the final handshaking went round, there was a silent regret in the hearts of most of them that they must fall back into the old narrow spaces, shut out from the free and breezy atmosphere of this wider

association. It was not surprising, therefore, that within a few months a call went round to some of the "Centennial" women, a meeting was held, and the New Century Club was born.

Its history has, in the main, been similar to that of other kindred organizations. It was a wise infant in the beginning, in taking Dr. Dwight's recommendation, and having "the right kind of a mother." It has been a strong child always, so healthy that it has never had any crises which threatened its life or made its existence interesting because so uncertain. Its digestion has been so healthful that it has assimilated its cranks, its too frivolous, its too energetic, its too sentimental, and too solemn members, and made them all contribute to the general harmonious growth of the body. Of course it has an earnest "purpose" in being, and is devoted to culture of all kinds, which it takes in lectures from distinguished people, classes for thorough study, symposiums on selected subjects by club members, in parliamentary practice, in studies on the questions of the day.

The impress of the "City of Homes" is upon the club life also. There is a family air about it. Men are admitted to associate membership, may attend meetings and classes, and have every privilege except the vote. A dozen or so of men have availed themselves of this privilege. There is also a regular monthly evening entertainment, called a club tea, a quietly frivolous affair, to which husbands, sons, and daughters are admitted freely.

The home atmosphere of the city is perhaps shown in the fact that the club has been among the first in the country to attain to a house of its own. This has been built during the past year, and is a handsome structure in the very centre of the city. Since its five hundred members have entered into the full enjoyment of this beautiful and comfortable home, the club feels that it has at last realized the intentions of its founders as expressed in its charter: "to create an organized centre of thought and action among women for the protection of their interests, and the promotion of science, literature, and art, and to furnish a quiet and central place of meeting in Philadelphia for the comfort and convenience of its members."

MARY E. MUMFORD.

V.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE TYPICAL SOUTHERN WOMAN TO CLUBS.

What She Is.

The typical Southern woman is Southern by force and influence of heredity, as well as by environment. In the warm current coursing through her veins, throbs the vital force of a race who were lords of the land of their birth; who were proud

yet generous masters, trained in the control of others, and at the same time sufficiently removed from the influences of trade, of barter, and of traffic for that leisure which encourages the development of a far-reaching refinement.

There are certain qualities which one expects and finds in all educated, well-born women of whatever locality. But while this is true, there are many points of difference. The Northern, Eastern, or Western woman is apt to be a composite creation. Her ancestral influences are very probably heterogeneous, while the Southern woman has perhaps been Southern for two hundred years, with no counter-current in her being. For this reason she, more than her American sisters, is a characteristic product of her own section. She, more than any other, is apt to possess an ardent and intense loyalty to her own section. She is first Southern, then American, and sympathizes strongly with the soldier who said, "I would fight with France against any nation of the known world, but with Brittany against France." Local patriotism is an important factor in her being; but good authority declares that this feeling may not only consist with a wider patriotism, but may serve as a most valued element therein. "It is something to have belonged in deed and truth to an heroic generation"; to have lived even as a child in those dark times when men and women, too, conceived a "passion for death"; when the very atmosphere was instinct with that quality which goes to the making of high ideals, and when "great deeds and virtues followed as the natural offspring of great trials."

The middle-aged Southern woman of to-day was under this influence during her time of character-building much more than any other of our common country. It has left its impress upon her nature, and made her what she is — proud, sensitive, generous, imaginative, of strong intuitive faculties, and richly dowered with the emotional element.

What She Thinks of the Club.

As a natural result of her environment, the attitude sustained by the Southern woman to the club was in the beginning strongly antagonistic. In the sacred home niche, where the pride and chivalry of Southern men had placed her, she held herself aloof. Club life, with its quasi publicity, seemed quite opposed to her inherited convictions, to the revered traditions of her people, and she felt a righteous scorn of its suggested possibilities, of its high-sounding shibboleths, and somewhat mannish trend. Interwoven with the thought of club life, there was for her the vision of rude hustings, of the ballot box, of the noise of elections, and the jostlings of a world which as yet she had known from one point of view only. She looked upon the club as an

institution for advancing "the rights of women to be men," and indorsed with enthusiasm Mr. Frothingham's opinion that in her present political condition woman exerts *power* instead of *force*. She asked herself over and over again, Would the ballot result in the degradation of woman or the elevation of politics?

All this she felt, at first not comprehending the fact that club life for women might mean something quite apart and distinct from any unwomanly publicity, from any association or connection with political questions or suffrage movements. She saw that women might be club women, and yet feminine in the highest and broadest sense. She saw, too, that the men of her own section were now in this, as in all else they had been, prepared to stand by her or to help her over the rough places; that they held with the most unflinching faith to their belief in her ability to choose and to grace the highest position in the gift of the gods. She took a clear, comprehensive view of the situation, for the Southern woman is not obtuse; once turning her attention to a subject, she very frequently grasps it in its entirety at one bound of intuition. So it has been with the club idea. It is now hers by adoption, and she has gone into its development with warmest enthusiasm.

What She will Gain from the Club.

The advantages to accrue to her from club life are greater than to women of other sections, and she realizes this fact. The exigencies of life now confronting her embrace complex conditions, perplexing problems, antagonistic elements, which must be met, solved, and harmonized. She is brought, as was not possible under the old *regime*, face to face with the hard, cold, unvarnished demands of existence, and she sees that the concerted and intelligent action of those similarly circumstanced cannot fail to be beneficial.

She perceives that mutual efforts toward intellectual advance and development will multiply many times her individual opportunities for such advance, and that she will thereby be helped to a higher plane of wifehood and motherhood. Striving alone, even with the most exalted aim and unflagging energy, she can have but the measure of upward and onward motion resulting from her own endeavor; but she sees that as a butterfly which chanches to wing its flight through the window of a railway coach has its own momentum in addition to that of the great steam engine, so will she be projected forward by the force of the organized club and her own powers as well.

During the last decade the great Southern forests have thrilled to sound of axe and hammer; they have found an object in life beyond the simple joy of living. Their leafy branches have been

dismembered and spirited off thousands of miles for the fashioning of artistic dwellings. During this same decade the Southern hills have opened their hearts and given lavishly therefrom the treasured ore and the sombre coal, which warms to flame on distant hearthstones. This new purpose in existence has thrilled not only inanimate Southern nature, but the man, and later the woman, of the section.

In this fuller expansion of life for the South, there can be no doubt that the club will prove a powerful lever. Through its organized work, its judicious stimulus, its generous encouragement, may be discovered, ere long, she for whom waits the laurel crown of the nation; she who will "sing the song as yet unsung, and weave the legend as yet not crystallized."

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

VI.

CLUB LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

What constitutes a club? Is it a mere meeting-place where reading of papers, lectures, or any one line of work is carried on? If so, then there is a network of small clubs covering the Southland.

If club stands for fraternity, a grouping of women of congenial tastes, independent of narrow social barriers, then club life is limited in the South, finding record only west of the Carolinas.

Georgia stands foremost in the work. The most successful of the clubs in the state are those in which both sexes are represented. Of these, the Atheneum of Macon ranks first. It is twelve years old, has a high literary standard, and a large and influential membership. Then there is the Hayne Circle of Augusta and the Hubner Club of Atlanta, named after Georgia's poets. Fort Valley has the Pure English Club and Columbus the Rose Hill. The strictly women's clubs are located in Columbus. There are the Georgia Woman's Press Club, the Reading Club, and the Art Club. The first named is presided over by Mrs. E. T. Byington, a progressive young woman with an already enviable place in Southern journalism.

In Alabama, the best known organizations are the Thursday Evening Literary of Selma, Saturday Literary Circle of Birmingham, and the West End Reading Circle of Montgomery.

The Woman's Progressive Club of Natchez stands fully abreast of the time, and represents Mississippi in the work.

Tennessee gives a home to three notable clubs: the Nineteenth Century and the Woman's Club, both of Memphis, and the Knoxville's Woman's Club. The latter has a well-earned national fame, deserved, if only from having contributed from its membership

the efficient corresponding secretary of the Federation of Clubs. Miss Mary Temple, whose ever-ready and helpful words have found their way wherever there was need of encouragement, is a brilliant young woman, a pupil of Vassar, and a true type of the new woman of the South: progressive, while still holding to a safe conservatism.

When Arkansas is mentioned in the work, it is the club in Helena that springs to mind, with its attractive young leader, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Mrs. Neal.

Texas' best contribution is the Twenty-One Club of Dennison, while Bonham boasts of a successful organization. The Houston Reading Club stands for the idea of club life, but is said to be rather in the line of class work, the delights of free social life being an unknown feature.

Like unto the Houston Reading Club is the Quarante Club of New Orleans, which has for its president Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend. Many small circles on the same order are fostering literature, music, and art in the Southern metropolis, but the real club idea seems to belong in especial to the Geographics and the Woman's Club.

The Geographics, now ten years old, has a limit of twelve active members. If one of its number is compelled to retire from actual participation, the privilege of attendance is retained. Its name suggests its work. There are no dues and but one officer, — president. The members are in turn hostess. The programme consists of short original readings and discussions on the theme in hand, followed by the breaking of bread. The Geographics' charming hospitality is far known for its many distinguished guests have taken abroad the story of a Saturday morning with this coterie of brilliant women, who have for their inspiration Mrs. Mollie E. Moore Davis.

The New Orleans Woman's Club had its birth eight years ago in the thought of a young woman who, in the midst of social triumphs and at the very outset of a literary career, stopped a while to plan, on a broad platform, what has grown to be an influential factor in club life in the South. Elizabeth Birland, now Mrs. Charles Wetmore of New York, then employed on the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, inserted in its columns an outline of her idea of a woman's club, asking all women who felt the need of such intercourse, and desired to help make the movement, to meet at a designated time and place. Twelve women responded, a permanent organization was effected, with its beautiful, gracious founder as president.

This club runs its life on the same basis as a man's club, except, of course, in the way of entertainment, and with this difference, too, it keeps its expenses within its income. It supports a large

club-house, reserving for club purposes salon, assembly room, dining-room and library, with small gymnasium attached. There are rooms provided at nominal prices for resident members. At present twenty are being accommodated. The dues are fifty cents a month, and no assessments are levied.

In several of the Southern states the press clubs are composed of both sexes. A prominent woman journalist makes this objection: that in such organizations women are too apt to become auxiliaries, and therefore lose the benefit of valuable training. In the state and city press clubs of Louisiana, men and women are on the same footing.

Club life is one of the most important factors in the advancement of the women of the South. It is the middle road between the too progressive and the too conservative, holding neither the aggressiveness of the suffrage movement nor the limitations of church and charity associations. The thinking women of the South, as a whole, are not quite ready for the one, and have grown a little beyond the other.

A note has been sounded; it is finding an echo far and near. Beside me lies a letter from the gulf-washed shores of Florida. From it I copy these words: "Victuals and drink are the chief of our diet." "Is there anything abroad in the land that we can reach or touch from which to receive uplifting inspiration?"

KATHARINE NOBLES.

VII.

THE CLUB AS AN ALLY TO HIGHER EDUCATION.

This is an age of organization. All the great human forces that move the world are organized forces. Religion, philanthropy, temperance, patriotism, politics, and society extend their organizations into every community of the civilized world, and each has its own urgent demand upon the time and effort of the individual; but it was reserved for women to organize societies in every community upon a distinctly intellectual basis. For this the woman's club came into existence. The important part taken by women in all other lines of organized work is one of the significant features of the day. In this, "the woman's century," for the first time in history, there have been formed organizations of women with the avowed purpose of helping to bear the burdens, lessen the ills, and do the work of the world. They have shown not only a wonderful talent for organization, but such earnestness of purpose, and capacity for practical work, that a large part of the world's moral and benevolent work is in their hands to-day; so that women do not organize clubs because they have nothing else to do. The club has not come to fill vacant spaces in empty

lives, but rather to give to women already crowned with zeal and labor in the great interests of humanity, a share — limited, indeed, but keenly appreciated — in the intellectual training so freely offered to younger women in the universities. The demands upon all intelligent men and women are increasingly great. There is little in the ordinary life and work to feed either the intellectual or the spiritual. It must be sought after, and it is just here that the stimulus of organized effort is most needed. The woman's club has thus primarily an educational purpose, and it will be found doing its most effective work and best retaining the enthusiasm of its members when kept consistently upon this basis.

There is naturally great diversity of method, since, until very recently, there has been no concerted action among the clubs; but one of two general plans is usually followed — the systematic course of study or the miscellaneous programme.

Women need to be trained to clearness of thought and accuracy of expression. Much of their work through life is necessarily disconnected; it lacks coherence and steadiness; it is, without fault of theirs, of the patchwork order. That club work which has in it the counter elements of unity and persistence, is not only what they most need, but what they most thoroughly enjoy. If the club offers to its members a desultory programme, — papers upon diverse subjects, magazine readings, addresses by invited guests, et cetera, — it may present a pleasing entertainment, but will it not foster the very mental habits which it ought to correct?

Amusement is easily obtained without organization. Let the club hold to something higher. It is this very stimulus of a formulated course of study, systematic and exhaustive, which most women need in order to find that they can study and that they like it. There is a fascination in going to the root of things, in personal investigation of a great subject, which is in itself a spur to continued and increasing effort. What value will such study have in a club of perhaps one hundred women, most of whom will be wives, mothers, home-makers, standing upon the busy heights of life? It will, in the first place, give direction and zest to the reading in a hundred homes, and in many of them it will insure additions to the family library of the latest and best books upon the subjects under investigation. It will train women to habits of study and research, and to speak with readiness upon subjects which have awakened their own interest, the club sessions being devoted largely to extempore presentation of topics and their discussion.

It will involve a club library, and make the club-rooms a meeting-place for the comparison of thought and the discussion of great questions; not alone on club day, but every day.

The public library will be its most valued ally; while by its demand for the highest class of books, it will help to build up the library in special lines and so benefit the entire community. It will have upon its table the best of current literature bearing upon its studies, and through correspondence will have the co-operation of the leaders in different departments of thought and work.

There are many such clubs, giving to their members post-university courses in science, art, history, or literature, a club usually limiting itself to one subject for a series of years, or long enough for thorough investigation.

Through the recent meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, a fresh impetus has been given to club organization, and it may confidently be expected to result in the united and harmonious growth of the clubs so associated, and in a distinct advance toward the higher education for women.

MARY E. BOYCE.

VIII.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB AS A SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

Few pictures in Greek life are more attractive than that of Plato surrounded by an eager crowd of disciples whom he guided to the love of wisdom and the love of virtue. The two were inseparably united in his teaching; therein lay its power. He believed that the soul of man tends to perfection, and that perfection is the vision of truth and the exercise of goodness.

Were Plato alive to-day, his auditors would be chiefly women. Witness the Concord School of Philosophy and the supporters and promoters of philosophic study by means of classes and lectures. Women are grappling with the problems of pure thought that underlie all other problems, seeking to remove the limits of the unknown but not unknowable. Their effort is differently regarded by observers stationed at different points of view. Here, as elsewhere, those who know most, the ablest and profoundest thinkers, are the most generous and appreciative in their criticism.

All that woman seeks in the domain of philosophic study is to be judged as fairly as man is judged. But for this she will have to wait, upheld by her own consciousness of sincerity in the pursuit of truth. To illustrate what I mean, let me ask a question: Would any one venture to hint that a club of men were studying philosophy in a dilettante fashion, simply as a "fad"?

It is many years since I first became associated with women in the study of speculative problems. With few exceptions we have consulted the original authorities in Greek and German

philosophy, and the best commentaries on the subject in these languages and our own. We have striven to make our work conform to the highest standard of excellence; but while doing this, we have not forgotten that wisdom is more to be desired than knowledge; that philosophy is not a mere acquaintance with technical terms and formal systems of thought, but a help to their true interpretation and significance. We have freed ourselves, as far as we could, from the bondage of words, that we might penetrate to their meaning. If books are to be helps rather than hindrances, one must learn to think for one's self. Solitude and silence are essential to philosophic insight, but association and discussion with others like minded will dispel prejudices and broaden the insight gained.

The intellectual discipline of the study of philosophy, though valued by women, is subordinated to the higher aim of spiritual growth and development. Philosophy is not dis severed from life, but helps to elucidate its practical problems. Not only is its vivifying power felt in art, literature, history, but in the individual mind and heart of its faithful student.

Is it objected that to make philosophy train both mind and heart is a woman's view, prejudicial to the rigid investigation of truth, I reply that it was Plato's view; that truth for the intellect must be truth for the heart, and that enthusiasm in its pursuit will not obscure its vision. The insight of Plato is identical with the insight of Dante and other great thinkers, that love is the soul of philosophy—love that seeks not its own good, but the good of others—self-renunciation. Renounce your own subjective fancies and opinions if you would see the truth; renounce your longing for ease and comfort, if you would do good; renounce your selfish desire for pleasure, if you would attain happiness or blessedness.

This is the last word of philosophy, as of all the highest teaching in the world. Common as it is, it needs to be enforced with increasing emphasis, theoretically and practically. It must not only illuminate the minds of men and women, but burn its way into their hearts and souls. Thought must precede action. The clearer and more enlightened the one, the more effective the other. If women are summoned to practical work in philanthropy and social reform, they are also summoned to knowledge and wisdom.

The woman's club as a school of philosophy recognizes this truth. Its aim is intellectual enlightenment and spiritual development. Devoted to the study and discussion of speculative problems, it seeks to point out their significance in practical experience. Every particular fact is related to universal truth. This relation is carefully noted and studied. The reality of what

we call material is found in the spiritual. Exclusion is not the law, but inclusion; the more we give, the more we receive. Intellectual good cannot be divorced from spiritual good; higher culture must be unselfish.

The conviction that the spiritual interpretation of life and experience is the true interpretation; that the best thought of the greatest thinkers of the race coincides with the intuitive belief of the heart in a personal God, in the freedom of the will, and the immortality of the soul, helps one to higher thinking and living. Philosophy, like religion, shows us everywhere the infinite in the finite; the divine in the human; the creative and immanent God.

ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

IX.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB AS AN AGENT OF PHILANTHROPY.

The love of the good and the beautiful and the true is co-existent with civilization, but the love of humanity waits for its development upon that ethical culture which comes from a proper appreciation of the needs and rights of our fellow-men.

This sentiment, so created, has been necessarily of slow growth; and its teachers, as witnesses the history of all religions, were those who, for the love of the race, forgot self, and often gave up life rather than fail in illustrating the highest ideal.

We know that the progress of humanity, with the natural evolution of character, has been for centuries toward a higher type of the individual. At no time has that ethical progress been greater than in the century just reaching its close, and no factor has been and is now more potent in this direction than the influence of woman since she has learned in some degree her own responsibility and power, and has also properly appreciated the value of association as a means of personal development, as well as of accomplishing definite work.

Woman's tears and prayers are no longer the only or the favorite means of expressing sympathy with sorrow or pity for the sinner. Active service has become common, and I believe that this steadily increasing culture of the sentiment of philanthropy which will, in long process of time, become a habit of the human heart, and, according to the law of heredity, be transmitted by generation, will be traced by students of sociology in the far future to the influence of associated philanthropic work among the mothers of the race. As some one has well said, "Evolution changes, habit fixes, heredity transmits."

Do I claim too much for the evolution of philanthropic effort in our women's clubs? I think not, for already can be seen the

influence rapidly spreading among young women who seek to imitate their mothers in efforts for the good of the race.

The graduates of many of our most fashionable boarding-schools have formed clubs in different cities; and while not disdaining the natural pleasures of youth, a goodly number of these clubs have furnished lunch-rooms and reading-rooms for working girls; and in the making of such philanthropic enterprises a success, a great deal of genuine hard work is most willingly done. Such plans would not have been thought of but for the extensive influence of women's clubs in the encouragement of philanthropic effort. The society girls in the eighteenth century never dreamed of such a scheme.

Emerson said, "Civilization is the power of good women"; and it is a notable fact that when a good woman, or one who wants to be good, becomes associated with a few others in a club, after a season or two of self-culture, the question seems naturally to arise, "What can we do for some one else?" Varied the replies to this question, and oftentimes most satisfactory the results. What one woman would not dare attempt alone is suggested at some meeting; and after a free, frank discussion of ways and means, some philanthropic scheme is formed, and work is easily accomplished when all, in good *clubable* fashion, make common cause.

I am reminded of the annual congresses of the Association for the Advancement of Women, and later of a meeting of the Federation of Clubs. The most notable and interesting reports were read by vice-presidents of A. A. W., and by different chairmen in the federation.

There was a marvellous likeness in the stories: a club formed in somebody's parlor for mutual council, for higher culture, for art, for literature; and after a while, the leaven of association working, results began to appear, not merely in the betterment of the individuals composing the club, but in the philanthropies which were the outgrowth of the organization. What are these philanthropies? Space will not admit the enumeration; but there is scarce a city of any size which cannot point with pride to some successful philanthropic work conceived and executed by the woman's club: for the children, industrial and reformatory schools; for the wee ones, free kindergartens; for the sick, a diet kitchen and hospital; for the tempted and erring, a refuge; for those who have no homes, reading-rooms and coffee-houses; and for the hard-worked mother *Les Crèches*, where the baby is tended, while she works during the day for its support.

The whole extent, indeed, of the influence of the "woman's clubs" in philanthropy can never be estimated until *finis* shall be written to the story of humanity. To the women's club comes,

more often than to any organization outside the church, the thought, "So many worlds, so much to do, so little done, such things to be!" and while life lasts and the need exists, the power of the women's club will be felt for good and for philanthropy.

DR. JULIA HOLMES SMITH.

X

TWO LONDON CLUBS.

There are privileges connected with certain of the London clubs for women, which, so far as I am aware, are lacking to women's clubs in America.

Grace and beauty and intellect all unite to make the Saturday Morning Club of Boston Girls distinguished and unique. The New England Women's Club, with Mrs Julia Ward Howe for its president, includes so many bright wits among its members that to go to one of its meetings is always a feast of reason.

There are, besides these two, several other women's clubs in Boston; and in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago they also abound. But is any one of these many clubs so arranged that its members can make use of it for the entertainment of a friend at a chance luncheon or dinner, as one can in London, of the Albemarle Club, or the club for university women? * Both men and women are eligible for membership at the Albemarle, though I think women avail themselves of its advantages more frequently than men, because to men so many more places are open. I have often lunched at the Albemarle (which is in the immediate neighborhood of the picture galleries) when some friend among its members was good enough to take me to the Academy or to the new gallery; and I can testify to the excellence of its *cuisine*. If you belong to it, you can invite your friends at any time, serene in the confidence that you can give them a well-served meal, in a spacious and pleasant dining-room, and with delightful sitting-rooms or library in which to take your after-dinner coffee. The comforts which the Somerset and Algonquin clubs offer to their members may be procured for far less cost at the Albemarle, by women as well as by men.

The University Club does not undertake so extensive a hospitality. It is for women only; and no woman is eligible for membership who is not a graduate of Newnham, Girton, or some other college for women. The rooms are smaller and more homelike than those of the Albemarle; and I think an elaborate

* The Albemarle Club is limited to seventy-five members. The entrance fee is eight guineas (\$40), and the annual subscription is five guineas (\$25). No man is allowed to join it who is not already a member of some good West End club.

The University Club for ladies admits the lady graduates of any university and also of medical colleges. Its entrance fee is one guinea, and the annual dues are also one guinea, payable on the first of January.

dinner is never served there. But a chop — never so good anywhere else as in New England — can be procured at any time; or a well-cooked steak; or a cup of afternoon tea; and this is an especial convenience for such of its members as live out of town, and wish to come into London for a day's shopping, or picture seeing, or a round of calls.

I remember — shall I ever forget? — the one time I enjoyed its hospitality. My hostess was Amy Levy, one of the brightest and sweetest spirits it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. She will have been dead three years, in the September of 1892, and it was during the summer of 1889, a few weeks before her death, that she invited me to the University Club for a tea, at which the other guests were all members of the club, and all in some wise connected with literature. Miss Levy herself was a novelist, a clever writer of short stories, and above all a poet. She was the author of two volumes of verse, whose unique individuality and melancholy sweetness must make them dear to many a reader, and for many a year. But she herself was even more charming than anything that she wrote.

I can see her now, as she poured tea, that July afternoon, at a little round table, in one of the home-like sitting-rooms of the University Club. She wore a white gown, as, indeed, she almost always did. Her face, delicate as an Easter lily, matched the cream-white of her dress. It was a face illumined by great dark eyes, from which looked the sweetest, saddest soul that ever fell out of love with life. Were any strawberries and tea and muffins ever quite so good as those she served us, or ever seasoned with such wit and charm? And two months later she had gone away, hand in hand with death!

Ah, I did not mean to speak of that; but only to ask why should we not have, in this hospitable America, clubs for women to which we could invite our friends for an elaborate dinner, a simple but well-cooked chop, or an afternoon tea, as our moods and our purses might suggest.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

XI.

THE CLUB OF THE FUTURE.

Some one has said that organization is civilization. Certain it is that whenever the race has advanced from savagery, it has been along the line of organization. The lowest matter in the scale of being is unorganized, and we call it inert, dead. When organized, it becomes live matter; it takes on activity, and suggests use and a purpose. This is as true of the social as of the material world; and there is no surer measure of our social

progress than our fitness to co-operate with others for noble ends.

One of the marked features of our time is the tendency to form organizations; for we have come to regard humanity, not as a heterogeneous collection of individuals, but as a solidarity. Whatever is good for the individual is good for society; and obedient to this conviction, we reach out our hands to one another, and multiply associations for common work and common purposes. It is not, therefore, a mere blind craze that is sweeping women into clubs and leagues, fraternities and orders, unions, granges, and other societies. It is the trend of the age; an unconscious protest against the isolation in which women have dwelt in the past; a reaching out after a larger and fuller life; a desire to keep in touch with other women who are thinking and acting independently; it is a necessary step in the evolution of women.

They have been quickened into abnormal activity by the great changes in their condition and environment, that have been accomplished during the last quarter of a century, and are to-day more interested in one another than ever before in their history. They are conscious that something is lacking in their lives that is conspicuous in the lives of others who are busy in many useful activities, which they long to share. They feel stirring within them the desire for associated life that is common to human beings, and, with Edward Everett Hale, regard "apart" as the saddest word in the English language, and "together" as one of the most blessed; and the woman's club opens its doors to them with offers of fellowship and helpfulness.

These clubs are organized in almost every conceivable interest. Most of them are literary in character, and more or less desultory in method; for they are new and immature, and are carefully feeling their way to what is best and most needed. Others are studying archaeology, social science, political economy, civil government, nationalism, duties of women; and I have found one club studying theology, and floundering through its most abstruse problems. There are cooking-clubs, where the culinary art is studied from the scientific standpoint, with a professional teacher, and where exquisite monthly lunches, prepared by the club members, are served to invited guests. Some of the clubs are mainly mediums of social entertainment, which follow an hour or two of reading or literary conversation. Others admit a certain proportion of "silent members," who crave information, but have no time for study; while others make the club a branch of church work, the clergyman of the parish directing the study as he prefers.

Some of the woman's clubs follow extensive and methodical

plans of study from the start. The Women's Art Club of Milwaukee arranged a course of topical study under a college professor, that occupied them three years. When the course was completed, they had mastered the history of art from its earliest beginning, and found themselves possessed of a very complete art library and of an excellent collection of casts and photographs. Their three years' course of topical lessons was published in book form, and has since done duty as a text-book. The Castilian Club of Boston is pursuing a like course in its study of Spain and its history. The papers are so exhaustive in character and so carefully written, that they are deposited in the Public Library at the request of the curator.

The literary clubs and unions of Maine have already organized themselves into a State Federation, and Massachusetts will undoubtedly follow suit at no very remote day, while a "Council of Southern Women" is in process of formation. These are movements in the right direction; for the country is so large that a truly national federation can only be formed when the South, North, East, West, and Midst are well organized, and send duly accredited delegates who will compose the national body. Out of this large variety will, by and by, come the differentiation of clubs, when those that are organized for the same purpose will draw together in coteries, within the state federations. This tendency is already manifest. This will lead to a division of the National Federation into sections when it holds its biennial meetings, and there will be at the same time sessions of the Political Economy section, the Social Science section, and so on, as at the meetings of the Association for the Advancement of Science. Specialized work will then be done by the women's clubs to advantage and with profit.

It is undoubtedly best for the present that women should maintain their separate clubs. Only in this way will they acquire courage and independence, and learn the limitation of their own personal rights and respect for those of others. But the Club of the Future will not be composed of women only, nor yet of men; for the highest type of society is made by men and women who, self-centred and self-respecting, are drawn together by mutual respect and harmonial tastes and tendencies. Man and woman are two halves of the unit we call humanity, each being the complement and supplement of the other, and the whole is better than its half. In the differentiation which is sure to come, they will find their way together to clubs organized for the use of both. Together they will study political economy, municipal government, scientific charity, compulsory and universal education, the labor question, or some other of the social problems that to-day are crowding aside the purely æsthetic topics.

The Club of the Future will be earnest, as those must be who work with the profound conviction that humanity is greater than its institutions. They will have the courage of their belief, that only good can come from an investigation of our social machinery; so that whatever is out of repair may be mended, and whatever is obsolete may be removed. The majesty of truth will inspire them. A diviner ideal of national life than is presented by our splendid material civilization will compel their advance. They will arraign the mis-government of our demoralized cities; dissect the fallacies and falsities of demagogues and machine politicians, that would submerge the nation in dishonor; and teach that manhood and womanhood are the ultimate end of every one's life, rather than money-making or industrial skill. The Club of the Future will address itself to the great problem of living. It will question poverty, crime, disease, education, economics, religion, and all that pertains to society, with the aim of lessening the dreariness of human life, enlarging its scope, and lifting its horizon. It may become the reserved force of the nation — who can tell? — “the inspired home-guard of all its sanctities.”

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DRUIDS.*

NEVER in the history of literature has fiction been called upon to perform such varied service as an instructor and a vehicle for the promulgation of social, economic, and speculative thought as to-day. This is peculiarly true of American fiction. Almost every thinker who has a message to deliver, feels called upon to clothe it in the guise of fiction. Thus social, political, economic, religious, and philosophical theories are everywhere being published as stories. Frequently I think our writers make serious mistakes in yielding to the popular fancy. When truths are to be advanced, especially when they are of a speculative character, unless the author be endowed with a large degree of dramatic power, the story almost invariably drags; while the reader, searching for the kernels of philosophy, is likewise encumbered by a drapery which prevents the sharp, clear-cut presentation of the thought enunciated. Such is, to a great extent, the impression one receives in reading the strange philosophical romance, if we may call it such, written by Mrs. A. K. Hopkins of this city, and entitled "A Daughter of the Druids." The author has made a profound study of astronomy and also of ancient symbolisms. She also knows much of the history of the Druids, that ancient, mysterious race, whose religion was interwoven with mysticism, and who, in many respects, resembled the dwellers of the far East, the Chaldeans and the Greeks. It is interesting to note how strongly some races incline toward intuition, and with what irresistible fascination metaphysics holds in thrall the cultured mind of great peoples; while other nations, no less masterful, arrive at nothing save through objective reasoning.

The author of this work is a descendant of the Druids. She came from old Cymbrian stock, and naturally enough throws Druidic drapery around the ancient symbolisms with which the book deals. Thus in the heavenly constellations our author reads occult wisdom, which she holds was a part of the rich possessions of an intuitional age, a golden period when the highest wisdom of the universe was vouchsafed to man, but which in succeeding ages disappeared, as the fleshly instincts and passions gained mastery over the races of the East, resulting in the fall of man. By this it will be readily seen that our author holds the theory cherished by almost all nations before the rise of the present school of evolutionary scientists, viz.: that in a far distant period, ages and ages

*"A Daughter of the Druids," a story dealing with the interior meanings of ancient symbolisms. By Mrs. A. K. Hopkins. Cloth only, pp. 297. Price, \$1.25. Published by the author. For sale by the ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

removed, man basked in the smile of heaven and enjoyed a spiritual supremacy which can only come from a condition of harmony. Thus Mrs. Hopkins believes that at one time the world received a language of symbolisms which contained the highest wisdom of the ages, and which has been handed down orally through succeeding generations; a wisdom which, when understood, opens a new world. She holds that the present is an evolutionary period, but that there was an age of intuition or of interior vision prior to this age of intellectual domination. I have now outlined the author's views sufficiently to satisfy a large number of persons who accept the Spencerian evolutionary philosophy, that for them this work can have no interest; and, indeed, the author claims to write only for the few whose intuitional nature and interior vision lead them in quest of hidden wealth. For these it may be interesting to know that the story deals largely with not only the starry firmament, but the hidden meaning of the symbolisms of the zodiac, that sphinx of the ages, some of whose mystic signs were treasured by the Chaldean sages, and by them held as an ancient heritage even at the dawn of history. In speaking of the zodiac, it is interesting to note the observation of Miss A. M. Clarke, author of "History of Astronomy," in her thoughtful paper on the Zodiac, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The idea of tracing the sun's path among the stars was, when it occurred to the Chaldean astronomers, an original and, relatively to their means, a recondite one. We owe to its realization by them the constitution and nomenclature of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Assyrian cylinders and inscriptions indicate for the familiar series of our text-books an antiquity of some four thousand years. Ages before Asurbanipal reigned at Nineveh, the eighth month [Marchesvan] was known as "the month of the star of the Scorpion"; the tenth [Tebet] belonged to the "star of the Goat"; the twelfth [Adar], to the "star of the Fish of Hea." . . . The cyclical meaning of the succession of zodiacal signs, though now obscured by interpolations and substitutions, was probably once clear and entire. It is curiously reflected in the adventures of the Babylonian Hercules, the solar hero Izdubar. They were recorded in the comparatively late surviving version of the seventh century B. C., on twelve tablets, with an obvious design of correlation with the twelve divisions of the sun's annual course. Izdubar's conquest of the winged bull Heabani was placed under Taurus; his slaying of the tyrant Houmbaba [the prototype of Geryon] in the fifth month typified the victory of light over darkness, represented in plastic art by the group of a lion killing a bull, which is the form ordinarily given to the sign Leo on Ninevite cylinders. The wooing of Ishtar by the hero of the epic falls under Virgo, and his encounter with two scorpion men, guardians of the rising and the setting sun, under Scorpio. The eleventh tablet narrates the deluge; the twelfth associates the apotheosis of Heabani [the Babylonian Chiron] with the zodiacal emblems of the resurrection.

Now in these mystic symbols, Mrs. Hopkins finds hidden wisdom which she expounds; and as our purpose in all our book reviews is to give our readers a fair idea of the work under consideration, I make below an extract from the work. The preceding chapters describe Alice de Kymber, a daughter of an English baron and a descendant of the

Druids. She has been highly educated in France, and has ever evinced a passion for ancient lore. The expensive library of ancient works collected by her grandfather, as well as the legends of the ancient Druids, have ever had for her a special fascination; and since the untimely death of her betrothed, Alice has become a profound student of ancient lore and occult matters; indeed, she possesses the penetration of a seeress, and in the starry world above reads God's messages to man. On the occasion of a visit from her brother Hugh, who lives at a town some distance from the ancient manor, Alice converses with him on the interior meaning of the constellations and the signs of the zodiac, as she holds they appeared to the ancients. From the conversation I extract the following, as giving a fair example of the contents of the book. It should be borne in mind that the brother has been examining a chart of the zodiac, such as is to-day found in almanacs.

The next moment Hugh had crossed the room, and was surveying thoughtfully the old zodiacal figure, which had adorned the walls of the tower chamber since his earliest remembrance. "I do not understand how this can be the key to the ancient myths and traditions, as you affirm," he said, after surveying it thoughtfully for some moments. "I see that the Virgin, the Lion, and the Crab mark the abdomen, heart, and breast,—or the vital organs of the body,—though why these particular symbols are apportioned to these particular functions, is not apparent to me."

Alice did not at once reply. When she did, it was to say, "I wish, Hugh, with all my heart, that I could tell you in a few words what it has taken me years of delving beneath the letter to learn; for you have no conception of the wisdom wrapped up in that figure. Think of it for a moment, my brother. What more fitting than that man, in and through his own body,—that heavenly wonder,—should learn the great mysteries which have been hidden from ages and from generations? The first step towards understanding of the zodiacal figure, is to appreciate the fact that it is of unknown origin and unsearchable antiquity. That it has come down the ages from primeval times, is proven in the truths which it discloses. Think you its preservation has been accidental? I tell you, no. It is as much a part of the divine plan as the starry message to which it is the key."

"I realize the fact," Hugh responded, "that the ancient rune-staff and the modern almanac which have preserved this figure, have always been held in a mystic veneration, for which it is hard to account without some such explanation."

"I will, as briefly as possible, give you some idea of the significance of the symbols you have mentioned, and their relation to the three most vital functions of the body. As you see," Alice continued, "the symbol of the Virgin marks the abdominal region, which the ancients held as the seat of the soul. In this function of the body all its virgin essences are compounded. This is the theatre of Nature's profoundest and most hidden mysteries; for in her human chemical laboratory, no less than in her material laboratory, are formed and re-formed those subtle life forces which are to be placed at man's disposal, and which furnish the motive power of all his physical activities. These were held as the secret parts in every sense, and hence always studied in their animal sacrifices by the augurs and diviners. In the month of September, which is dominated by the sign of the Virgin, just so does mother Nature produce, or bring forth in her ripened grains and fruits, the stored life forces which she is ever concentrating that she may again diffuse. Fittingly does the seed-bearing Virgin govern the month where Nature, in her great laboratory, has formed and re-formed those virgin essences or elements that are to enter into the new life of the human family, as principles of energy and action. The winged woman of the zodiac, she who bears the seed, is the symbol of the soul, that subtle chemist who presides over the human crucible, fashioning the new and more refined body for which the soul is ever striving. In the

sun's great cycle, the stay of our luminary in Virgo marked the Christ-age of the world, that incarnation of truth which is ever virgin born. This was Nature's gestating period, for involution must always precede evolution.

The next sign, or that of the Lion, marks the function of the heart, the seat of the spiritual activities. This organ, as we know, dominates both the physical and the spiritual life of man, because here is not only the life fountain and source, but also the seat of the emotions, desires, and aspirations. The attitude of the heart is also the attitude of the spirit. This sovereign function is fittingly typified by the king of beasts, who, like the heart, dominates the whole animal kingdom. The Lion, whose thirst has passed into a proverb, is thus a symbol of love, which is a thirst for the springs of life. Not without significance is the Lion the sign of August, the period of dog-days' heat, when nature is also athirst. When the sun, like a leaping lion, descends upon the standing grain, bursting every fetter, and setting free the finer principle or spirit which is the essential substance of all things. In the great cycle, the sun's stay in the symbol of the Lion marked the Golden, or Heart Age, which brought upon the stage of action the lion-hearted race, or the deathless gods that reigned of yore. Here in the sun's sign of the Lion originated *Is Ra El*, or the over-shadowed people; for man, like the great luminary, reached his highest altitude in the heart sign, the point of his full ascension. Not without import is it that Leonis, the heart-star of the Lion, was the original solstitial limit; and this is not only of the sun, but also of the son.

"The last of the three more vital signs is that of the Crab, which marks the breast or breathing function. This, as we know, is inseparably connected with the action of the heart. Cancer, or the Crab, is the symbol of the *inspiring* and *expiring* function by which the life stream is aerated and kept pure. The lobe-shaped, or lobulated organs of respiration are fittingly typified by the Crab, whose whole mechanism is a breathing apparatus. Every species of crustacea, and every oak leaf as well, is telling the story of this sign. July, or the month expressed by the Crab, is Nature's respirational period, when she is absorbing into all her air vessels the life element. Consequently it is the season of atmospheric disturbances, because of Nature's *in-flatus* and *ex-flatus*. The symbol Cancer was the sun's station in the period of the Silver or Inspirational Age, when Nature, indeed, nourished her children at her breast. This marked that stage of involution when the divine *in-flatus* went out, and the physical came in; for here man became an *expiring* as well as an *inspiring* creature, for death had been unknown in the previous, or heart age. This was man's great solstice, as well as the sun's. Very properly does the Crab typify that age whose flood-tide, in receding, left man upon the shores of time, and subject to the mutations of matter into which he had now come. From this point commenced his declension of the verb, to be. Like the sun in Cancer, so did the race here start upon another round of the circle. Imperfect aeration of the higher or heart life, was the Cancer of the breast age, making man mortal, instead of immortal, as he was created. This is the story of the fall, which was followed by the flood, for both had a material, no less than a spiritual, expression."

Alice ceased speaking, and for several moments her brother did not respond. After a time, he said:—

"Are these three central signs more arcane in their significance than the others?"

"The whole twelve are equally mystical in their teaching; but these three are as vital to the higher life of man as are the functions which they mark necessary to the physical life of the body."

"I am reminded," said Hugh, "of the double-tongued Phœnicians, the so-called *Punic* race, from which we get our word *pun*. They doubtless had this knowledge, and came into disrepute later from this very fact. Where do you take the sun to be now?" he presently asked. "In which one of the symbols, of course I mean. The phrase 'taking the sun,' so common in nautical parlance, is, it seems, a significant one."

"The sun's present position is in Aquarius, the symbol of the outpouring. Its stay in a sign is something over two thousand years, as you know."

I have not the space to notice further this interesting and unique work, which comes from the pen of a scholarly lady who has made symbolisms and astronomy a special study, and who is profoundly convinced that she has found a key to the solution of problems of the greatest value to humanity. The author presupposes that the reader possesses a fair knowledge of astronomy, and is reasonably well versed in the legends and myths of ancient times, and this will make it difficult for many general readers to follow her. Those who wish to understand this book should read some good astronomy, and also have at hand a mythological dictionary. Many persons who are disciples of modern evolutionary thought will view this work with contempt, but the world also once scorned Galileo.

The volume is bound in cloth, and, in addition to the frontispiece, is illustrated by two full-page zodiacal charts. B. O. FLOWER.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.*

Wit and humor are universal. They are found among all nations, and have added a zest to life at all ages; but there has never been a common, international standard by which to measure their force.

The humor of one century falls flat in the next, and the help of a scholar is required to interpret it to the modern reader. One nationality cannot catch the witticisms of another, and the humor is lost in translation. Mark Twain's story of the jumping frog, translated into French, lost all trace of humor, so that even Mr. Clemens himself could only find it funny by re-translating the French version and placing it by the side of the original.

In "My Uncle Benjamin" the wit and humor of the Frenchman who wrote it in 1840, is translated for English readers in 1890. The translation, as such, is a superb one, showing a complete mastery of the spirit of both languages; but to translate the satire and sarcasm of half a century ago from French to the English of to-day, is a daring enterprise at best.

Granting the estimation in which the author was held by Charles Mousetet to be shared by all his countrymen, and supposing that every word the translator has quoted in his preface came true, is it not assuming too much to expect the same enthusiasm outside *La Belle France*, and for a translation at that?

The book will never appeal to the average modern reader of English literature who is not familiar with the works of all countries and all ages, and so at home in all eras and among any surroundings. One who is thus cosmopolitan in literature will enjoy and appreciate the delightful humor and cutting sarcasm of "My Uncle Benjamin," and will know how to account for the strange personalities, and excuse the somewhat

* "My Uncle Benjamin." By Claude Tillier. Pp. 312, with colored frontispiece. Price, \$1.25. Published by ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

broad situations introduced by the author. The fastidious modern reader would be shocked with chapters eight and nine; while one who is familiar with the literature of half a century ago knows that such situations as here described were highly appreciated by the very best class of readers of that time. To one who is not familiar with French customs and habits of thought of fifty years ago, there will not seem to be a spark of comicality in the attempt of Benjamin's sister to bring about a marriage between him and a girl whom he has never seen, and whose father he detests as a quack; nor will he find the disinclination to pay his tailor's bills laughable, though to one who knows how the people in the learned professions, at that time, scorned the artisans, the pictures of them will seem delightfully fresh and accurate.

The passages in which Uncle Benjamin philosophizes upon duelling, the functions of prisoners, etc., etc., are exquisitely humorous and sarcastic. His argument that it "is better to condemn ten innocent men, than to acquit one guilty one," is a specimen of the humor and fine satire of the whole book.

At these words all the guests raised a great outcry against my uncle.

"No, indeed," cried my uncle, "I am not joking, and this subject is not one to excite laughter. I express a firm, powerful, and long-settled conviction. The whole city pities the innocent man who mounts the scaffold. The newspapers resound with lamentations, and your poets take him for the martyrs of their dramas. But how many innocent men perish in your rivers, on your highways, in the depths of your mines, or even in your workshops, torn to pieces by the ferocious teeth of your machinery, those gigantic animals that seize a man by surprise and swallow him before your eyes. Yet their death hardly tears an exclamation from you. You pass by, and a few steps further on you think no more about it. . . . Why this indifference for one, and this superabundance for the other? Why ring one's funeral knell with a little bell, and the other's with a big one? Is a mistaken judge a more terrible accident than an overturned stage coach or a disarranged machinery? . . . Undoubtedly it is not agreeable to go to the scaffold for another; and I, who speak to you, admit that, if the thing should happen to me, I would be very much put out. But in relation to society, what is this little blood that the executioner sheds? A drop of water that oozes from a reservoir. An innocent man condemned by a judge, is a consequence of the distribution of justice, as the fall of a carpenter from a housetop is a consequence of the fact that man shelters himself under a roof. . . . Moreover, the condemnation of an innocent man is a rare thing. It marks an epoch in the annals of justice. It is almost impossible that a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances should so unite against a man as to overwhelm him with charges which he cannot disprove. . . . Besides, the death of an innocent man is only an individual misfortune, while the acquittal of a guilty man is a public calamity. Crime listens at the door of your court-room; it knows what goes on inside; it applauds you when through exaggerated caution it sees you acquit a guilty man, for it is crime that you acquit. . . . You applaud yourselves, good people, at having saved an innocent man from the axe, but you have caused twenty to die by the dagger."

Readers who can appreciate the fine humor which pervades this passage will find the purchase of the book a good investment.

But those who read merely to kill time and to be thrilled or amused by a plot, at the end of which the hero and heroine are happily married, are hereby solemnly warned not to buy, nor even to attempt to read, "My Uncle Benjamin." It will not pay. SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

ESAU; OR, THE BANKER'S VICTIM.*

In T. A. Bland's "Esau" we have another story with a purpose. It is a vivid picture of war, love, and injustice, highly dramatic at times. The tragic fate of the hero, though told in simple language, is very vivid. The arraignment of our present unjust and iniquitous financial system, which is so rapidly eating into the happiness and independence of a great people, is brought home with terrible force. As a story, "Esau" is richly worth reading. As a chapter in the history of our republic, it has additional interest. As a vigorous protest against an iniquity which to-day is pressing with crushing weight upon millions of struggling souls, it is worthy of perusal by every thoughtful American. The opening chapters describe Esau and Jacob, two brothers (and by the way it is interesting to know that the story is history rather than fiction). Esau has bought out his brother's interest in the father's farm, giving his note at ten per cent interest for it. Jacob is in business in the town near to the farm. He is a shrewd, calculating man of the world, who in business knows no relative or friend. When the call for troops is heard, Esau feels it his duty to respond. The following is a picture of his bidding farewell to his brother, which will give an idea of the simple but effective style of the author:—

Esau Lindley called at once at his brother's store, and said to him:—

"Jacob, I have enlisted, and must arrange my affairs in short order, and bid wife and children good-by for three months. Heaven grant it may not be for ever! And, Jacob, I want you to promise me that you will look after my affairs and my family while I am gone."

"All right, Esau, I will see that your family don't want for anything, and that your farm is managed as well as it can be in your absence."

"Thank you, brother, and now good by; for I must be off for home to tell the news to wife and little ones. I rather dread that job, for women are afraid of war. It seems dreadful to them. Clara is braver than I am and fully as patriotic, but I've an idea that it takes a higher order of courage to enable a wife to send her husband to the front than it does for him to go."

"Good-by, Esau, and may you soon return covered with glory. But I think you are foolish to leave your farm and family, when there's plenty of men who have nothing to hold them back."

"But, Jake, such fellows have nothing to fight for. They have no such stake in the country as we have."

"There is plenty of 'em would go for the excitement and the pay, especially the pay."

"But such soldiers would not be worth much, brother. One intelligent, patriotic soldier is worth a dozen hirelings."

Very dramatic and intensely interesting are many of the situations in this story, which deals with the war, with love, and with the struggle of honest, simple-hearted nobility with avarice and cunning. In Esau, Mr. Bland has typified the great, noble-souled, simple-hearted, patriotic, industrious, and sober millions of America, who are day by day growing poorer, in spite of their heroic struggles; growing poorer, as they inevitably must, so long as the cruel class laws and special privileges

* "Esau; or, The Banker's Victim." By T. A. Bland. Paper, pp. 102. Price, 25 cents. Published by ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

granted to the favored few disgrace the statute books of a great republic. I know many of the salaried servants of plutocracy sneeringly dismiss this statement, that the people are growing poorer, as merely a calamity cry, and as not strictly true. Nevertheless, every honest man who investigates for himself knows, and knows beyond all peradventure of doubt, that this is the simple fact. And while touching upon this point, let us note a significant statement made in 1865 by Hugh McCulloch, secretary of the Treasury: "*The people are now comparatively free from debt,*" declared the secretary. To-day, on the other hand, Mr. Porter's census reveals the startling fact that not only Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas are blanketed with mortgages (Nebraska alone shows, it is said, 78 per cent of the improved farms under the shadow of the fatal mortgage), but such old and heretofore considered rich states as Ohio also present figures well calculated to startle every thoughtful person. For a generation the aggregate wealth of the nation has been growing at a marvellous rate. The industrial fortunes of a few scores of shrewd, law-protected, and specially privileged individuals have grown to hitherto undreamed-of proportions. But the condition of the industrial millions has steadily, slowly, but surely, grown more and more hopeless. The people have allowed themselves to become the willing tools of the demagogical politicians, who have inflamed their hate with sectional agitation; have frightened them with the once discarded and worn-out tariff issue, but in recent years resurrected as essential to secure spoils on the one hand, and to divert the attention of the masses from the real vital issues on the other. Party platforms have long since become a tissue of meaningless platitudes and dishonest evasions of real issues. In the meantime the condition of millions of toilers has steadily grown more and more deplorable. That we are now nearing a crisis, is probable. That free institutions are menaced by capitalists as they were never menaced by openly declared war by foreign lands, is apparent to thoughtful students of politics to-day, who have not fallen under the spell of the golden calf. Mr. Bland's book will do much to aid the toiler to see one great wrong which has been perpetrated. It would be well if social gatherings of the people could be had, where this thrilling story should be read aloud. To me, the most hopeful sign of the present disturbed times is the rapid multiplication and extensive circulation of such works as "Esau."

B. O. FLOWER.

COLUMBUS AND BEATRIZ.*

A well-written story, chaste, interesting, and to a certain degree instructive. I am compelled to qualify this last observation, owing to the doubt I entertain as to the tenability of the ground taken by the author in her representation of Beatriz as the wife of Columbus. The evidence upon this question is at best of a very uncertain character, and to my

*"Columbus and Beatriz." A novel, by Constance Goddard du Bois. Cloth, pp. 298. Price, \$1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

mind the weight is against rather than in favor of the author's position. Otherwise the picture of Columbus and his wanderings is doubtless as faithful as can be drawn with the facts at hand. The story from the opening pages is exceedingly interesting, possessing the fascination always present in a well-written historical novel, dealing with characters which are the common heritage of civilization, and around which shines the splendor of undying fame. The character of Beatriz, as drawn by our author, is noble and womanly. The wealth of affection and the long years of anxiety and sorrow experienced by the heroine, draw deeply upon the sympathy of the reader, making him realize that the author of the romance possesses considerable power.

B. O. FLOWER.

A STUDY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.*

Ellen M. Mitchell, who writes most interestingly on "The Woman's Club as a School of Philosophy" in this issue of *THE ARENA*, is the author of a volume entitled "A Study of Greek Philosophy," which is the best work for general students I have ever read. It is a popular treatise, in which we find most charmingly presented a discussion of the various schools of Greek thought, with biographical sketches of their chief representatives from Thales to Proctus. The wonderful fascination felt by scholarly minds for Greece, the strange spell which hovers like a mystic atmosphere over her hills, is chiefly due to the intellectual treasures which her philosophers have given the world. In this brilliant volume the reader is necessarily introduced to such master minds as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, and Epicurus. The work is clear, crisp, compact; it is not tiresome, as are so many works of a kindred nature. Mrs. Mitchell possesses in a rare degree the power to present entertainingly more or less abstract subjects; and the deep study, which only comes from a profound love of a subject, has given her the knowledge essential to so skilful a presentation. To those who have a taste for philosophy I can heartily recommend this admirable volume.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR.†

The most remarkable creation of the imagination of recent years is found in Mr. Wm. R. Bradshaw's idealistic romance, "The Goddess of Atvatar." In this story the author takes us into a new world, or rather into the interior of our world, where, instead of a realm of gloom, he gives us perpetual day, as this new world is lit by an interior sun. The hero sails from the north pole, and, succeeding in penetrating the mighty walls of ice by virtue of some great natural convulsion, at length finds his vessel sailing into the interior world. Here the author finds a field where he can give full play to his imagination; and in the suc-

* "A Study of Greek Philosophy." By Ellen M. Mitchell, with an introduction by Professor Wm. R. Alger. Cloth, pp. 310, price, \$1.25. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

† "The Goddess of Atvatar." By Wm. R. Bradshaw. Cloth, pp. 318, 44 illustrations, price, \$2.00. Published by J. F. Douthitt, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ceeding chapters, which are both interesting and filled with stimulating thought and noble ideas, we have the finest piece of imaginative work of many decades. The book has been compared by critics to Jules Verne's creations; but in many respects I think it is superior to the works of the great Frenchman. The author holds that in this story he has not gone beyond the possibility of science. What we know, he rightly observes, is only a fragmentary part of what is to be learned. He continues:—

"This book is not merely an imaginative excursion into the centre of the earth, but above and beyond this it is a bold excursion into the unexplored ocean of possible truth that lies beyond the present grasp of our senses. It is made up of the science which is **and** that which is to be. I do not limit myself, like Jules Verne, to a courtyard where I have a whole continent to range upon, and who can tell that the most extravagant idea of the imagination may not be realized some time in the future? Man has all eternity before him to achieve the most miraculous powers.

"The idea of a hollow earth may seem absurd to some readers, because we know that matter, being mutually attractive, the centre of the earth is the point of attraction for its entire mass; but it is quite possible for centrifugal force to overbalance gravity to any extent, and maintain an interior ocean upon the hollow shell, such as I have supposed to exist; and, if it can be proven mathematically that the actual speed of the earth on its axis is insufficient to support this interior sea, we have only to suppose that the earth's speed is increased to the degree necessary to actually support this physical condition. The rings of Saturn are an illustration of vast bodies of matter supported by centrifugal force high above the body of the planet that attracts them, and the solar system itself is an open globe wherein a centrifugal force keeps the planets away from the centre. Thus, the idea of a ship being able to sail down a 'hole in the sea' is, or may be, a scientific truth.

"As to flowers that sing, and soul-created jewels and islands, where is the man that can prove that such floral development is impossible, or that such powers cannot be achieved by the human soul some time in the endless hereafter? The development of the highest man, as compared with the jelly fish, is a greater miracle than the speculations of my book are beyond the present powers of the human soul."

The story, as I have observed, displays a remarkably vivid imagination on the part of the author. It will prove fascinating to lovers of tales of adventure, especially those which transcend the ordinary and which stimulate the imagination. The illustrations are in keeping with the strange contents, and are admirably executed. B. O. FLOWER.

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.*

This is the general title of a series of songs published in sheet music

* These songs in sheet music are published and for sale by the Alliance Publishing Company, Lincoln, Neb.: "The Workers' Battle Hymn of Freedom," 35c.; "Truth's Approaching Triumph," 30c.; "God Save the People," 30c.; "We Have the Tariff Yet," 35c.; "Jay Gould's Modest Wants," 35c.; "The Millennium March," 35c.; "The Tax-payers Settle the Bills," 35c.; "Right Shall Reign," 25c.; "Get off the Earth," 35c.; "The Coal Baron's Song," 25c.; "The Money Power Arraigned," 35c.; "That Honest Dollar," 35c.; "A Politician Here You See," 35c.; "Losses and Lies," 35c.; "The Weakest Must go to the Wall," 35c.; "Songs of America," 35c.

by the Alliance Publishing Company of Lincoln, Neb., which will doubtless prove quite an important factor in the coming campaign. They have been written by George Howard Gibson, the music being the work of Professor J. L. Frank of the Nebraska Conservatory, Professor Hubert J. W. Seamark of Lincoln, Neb., and Mr. W. H. Hohmann. The prices of the different songs range from twenty-five to thirty-five cents each. Few people appreciate the power of simple, heart-felt songs on the great toiling millions. It was the singing of such songs as "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" at all recruiting meetings in the North which, more than aught else, fired the people and rapidly filled the ranks of volunteers in the early days of the rebellion. The songs just issued for the industrial millions will, if we mistake not, add tens of thousands of votes to the ranks of the reform or People's Party throughout the West and South. It has been the wont of our Eastern press to sneer at and, in ways anything but manly and honorable, seek to belittle the great moral protest of the industrial millions of to-day—a protest which rings with sincerity and honesty, and behind which is the unquenchable moral enthusiasm of an aroused people. Whatever else may be said of the People's Party, no one can justly apply the epithet so recently applied by a distinguished Republican senator to both the old parties, "Organized Hypocrisy"; nor is it an organized appetite for the "spoils of office." The protest of a great people against legalized wrongs, against the bonds of the usurer and the beneficiaries of class legislation, merits at least fair treatment; and it is largely because of the systematic misrepresentation, the unmanly abuse, and widespread injustice accorded this movement of toilers, that THE ARENA has taken the pains to fairly present the cardinal demands of the movement and various facts relating to it, which could nowhere else among influential, high-priced journals secure a hearing. THE ARENA has ever demanded justice for all thought; and when it has found organized opposition seeking to prostrate the weak, the new, or the unconventional, it has thrown open its pages, that thoughtful people might at least hear the plea of the persecuted thought, which conservatism and conventionalism sought to exile. Following this line of action, and because we believe our readers will be interested in the songs which the people are singing, we give below some selections from Mr. Gibson's composition. The following verses are taken from "Toilers' Battle Hymn of Freedom," and are intended to be sung to the soul-thrilling tune of the "Marseillaise."

Sons of America, defenders
Of Freedom and of deathless Right,
Again the Lord of Sabaoth tenders
"A sword," a sword, and bids you fight!
Behold the poor and hear their cries!
Behold the poor and hear their cries!
Shall tyrants drag them bound in fetters
Of cursed law, which keeps them slaves,
And even grudge them land for graves?
Shall workers be perpetual debtors?

Unite, unite, ye just!
 The sword of truth draw forth!
 Advance, advance with mighty tread
 From west and south and north!

Here, here where Liberty first lightened,
 And freedom spoken shook the world,
 Where hope for all the humble brightened,
 And mightiest kings were backward hurled —
 Lo here, where equal rights are pledged,
 Lo here, where equal rights are pledged,
 Are kings with all their brood of curses!
 In this broad land by blood made free,
 Dependent millions bend the knee
 And plead with tears for sovereign mercies!

CHORUS — Unite, etc.

They claim the ways which commerce uses,
 As bold highwaymen robbing all;
 They hold exchange, and each refuses
 Its use till all before them fall!
 The people now are ruled by gold!
 The people now are ruled by gold!
 But shall we here be made the minions
 Of kings, on freedom's sacred soil,
 And yield them wealth by slavish toil,
 Content to wear their galling pinions!

CHORUS — Unite, etc.

Here is a song entitled "Truth's Approaching Triumph," suggested by the phrase from Milton's "Paradise Lost," "Far off His coming shone."

O Truth, thou approachest with blessing,
 The shadows are fleeing away,
 The light of the dawn is increasing,
 And evil slinks back from the day!
 As a bridegroom that leaveth his chamber
 Rejoicing in strength for the race,
 Thou comest! thou comest! thou comest!
 And heaven is seen in thy face!

Its glory has gilded the mountains;
 And soon, where the Spoiler has trod,
 We shall follow thy feet to the fountains
 And beautiful gardens of God.

Thou art "publishing peace" to the nation,
 And helping the poor to be free;
 Thou art preaching a present salvation
 From every injustice men see.
 Thy face is a terror to tyrants,
 It withers their strength, and they fall;
 But to those who are under oppression
 It seemeth the fairest of all.

Thou teachest the folly of fighting,
 The waste of competitive strife;
 Thou showest the need of uniting
 In equal, industrial life.

Thou shamest the pride of the classes
 Who prey on the severed and weak; —
 Thy light is a light for the masses,
 A hope for the poor and the meek.

The "Honest Dollar" about which the magnates of Wall Street and the money lenders of to-day have so much to say, is thus touched upon in another of Mr. Gibson's songs. We quote two stanzas: —

THAT HONEST DOLLAR.

Wall and Lombard streets still rule us,
 Give the law and hold the laurels,
 Even name the men to fool us,
 And arrange the party quarrels.
 Men may choose which side to light on,
 Tariff high, or tariff lower;
 Matters not which one they fight on,
 Since to Wall Street both must cower.

Hear the office-seekers holler,
 Who have on the Wall Street collar!
 Big and little, large and smaller,
 All demand "an honest dollar"!

Congress sleeps while tariff speeches,
 Year by year each side delivers —
 Punch and Judy show in breeches.
 But observe how Congress quiver
 At the sight of silver nearing.
 All the dogs of war awaken;
 And the Shylock power appearing,
 Party lines are swept and taken!
 Not our honest silver measure,
 Not the greenback legal tenders,
 But the bankers' yellow treasure,
 Dollars owed by money lenders.
 Dollars few, and for the wealthy —
 They have killed and mangled others —
 Silver's stab was swift and stealthy,
 And they burned their greenback brothers.

Another song which breathes the new vital spirit which is thrilling millions of hearts at the present time, is entitled

THE MILLENNIUM MARCH.

We have seen the form of JUSTICE in his glorious fiery car,
 And the day divine that follows, which the prophets saw afar.
 We've enlisted in the army for the great and final war;
 Every wrong shall be uncovered, and be seen and called by name,
 For the earth is being lightened, and the evil hides in shame;
 The oppressors flee in terror, when they meet the searching flame,
 And truth shall ever shine.

Oh! ye overburdened millions, there's a better day for you;
 "They who build shall yet inhabit, they who plant shall have their due;"
 By uniting we shall conquer, and dethrone the lordly few,
 And each shall be a man.

Here is a song which breathes the spirit of the new democracy, the coming brotherhood:—

"God save the king," so were the people taught
Till Freedom came to earth, to sing alone.
They lived, they died,—they suffered, sweat, and fought,
To please a despot, and advance a throne;
But now we sing,
God save *the people*, the common people!
God save, God save the people!

"Call no man master,—ye are brethren all!"
This word of truth dethrones all earthly kings.
And so we stand erect where slaves would fall;
We bow alone to Him who freedom brings,
And ever shout,
God save the people, the common people!
God save, God save the people!

The feudal barons built on heights of power
Their castles, ruling all the country round;
The robber barons now, by deed and dower,
The working poor throughout the land have bound,
But armed we shout,
God save the people, the common people!
God save, God save the people!

Another song, entitled "Get off the Earth," was suggested to the author by a recent news item, stating that the Landlords' Association of Boston had blacklisted, for mutual benefit, one thousand two hundred of their poorest tenants. The first verse and chorus are as follows:—

No trespass here! Get off the earth!
You own no land upon it;
You've lost for aye your right of birth,
And we, by might, have won it.
We landlords all have got you down
A list of poorest tenants.
So climb the air, or jump and drown,
And thus do dying penance.
Get off, get off, get off the earth:
Our titles prove we own it.
Get off, get off, get off the earth,
We can't have tramps upon it.

These extracts give the reader an idea of the campaign songs which will be sung by hundreds of thousands of people at great picnics, which will be held all over the West and South between now and November.

BOOK CHAT.

"THE RISE OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC," which will be reviewed in these columns next month, is a book which every student of American history should possess. It is a large four-hundred page volume, printed in pica type, with wide margin and richly bound. It contains a large colored map and a full-page portrait of the author. It is the only really comprehensive history of Switzerland published in this country, and, being written in a clear, forcible style, will interest while it instructs the reader. Price, \$3.00, sent post-paid.

McCLURG & Co. of Chicago have recently issued, in a handsome cloth-bound volume, the most choice writings of Charles Lamb. It is a volume which should find a place in every library where good books are appreciated. Price, \$1.00. Address the publisher.

"THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE," published by the Senior Class of Princeton College, thus refers to the lectures of Mr. Savage in his "Irresistible Conflict Between Two World Theories:" "They constitute a bold and powerful plea for theism. They are frank and candid, and free from bitterness. They are marked by the vigor of one who is firmly convinced of the truth of his cause. They are pregnant utterances, full of suggestion. He says Dr. Abbott's position is untenable; that he tries to reconcile the irreconcilable; that the conflict between orthodoxy and evolution is irrepressible. Mr. Savage outlines the religion of the future, which he conceives to be a theism based on evolution. The following passage will give a hint of the beauty of his style and his general trend of thought:—

"And what of the future? Does evolution cast a gloom over that? Does evolution take away the hope of heaven? O friends, I find it hard to understand with what brains people think, with what hearts they feel, when they can even hint a comparison between the promises of the two. The old theory simply promises us a horror from which the sense of justice recoils, and which shrivels in its fires the tenderness of human hearts, even of those who are redeemed. Evolution does not take away heaven; it only wakens the race from the dreams of the horrors of the old heaven and the old hell. Evolution opens for us vistas of eternal progress, star-lighted pathways that lead on and on in light, in truth, in joy, in peace, in service, forever and forever."

A recent issue of the *Omaha World Herald* contains the following notice of "LESSONS LEARNED FROM OTHER LIVES":—

B. O. Flower, the talented editor of *THE ARENA*, has just published a little book of brief sketches of the lives of some of those who have "left footprints on the sands of time," under the caption of "LESSONS LEARNED FROM OTHER LIVES." It is written with a noble purpose, and some of the passages in it are almost sublime in their grandeur of language. The lives treated of are very varied. For instance, Mr. Flower tells us some interesting facts about the ancient philosophers, Seneca and Epictetus; the brave and angelic warrior maid, Joan of Arc; the grand statesman, Henry Clay; the great actors, Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson; the tuneful poets, John Howard Payne, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe, Alice Cary, Phoebe Cary, John Greenleaf Whittier; the famous scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, and the many sided genius, Victor Hugo. It is a splendid book, and should be in the hands of every boy and girl who can read English.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A YOUNG WOMAN JOURNALIST—JULIA AMES," by Frances E. Willard and Isabel Somerset. Cloth, pp. 240. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

"IN THE CITY BY THE LAKE," by Blanche Fearing. Cloth, pp. 192; price, \$1.25. Published by Searle & Gorton, 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"BORN OF FLAME," by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke. Cloth, pp. 299. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

"GROUND ARMS," by Bertha Von Suttner. Cloth, pp. 286; price, \$1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE BEST LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB," by Edward Gilpin Johnson. Cloth, pp. 336; price, \$1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"COLUMBUS AND BEATRIZ," by Constance Goddard du Bois. Cloth, pp. 297; price, \$1.00. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"WHY I'M SINGLE," by Albert Ross. Paper, pp. 360; price, 50 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"ON CALVARY." Anonymous. Paper; price, 50 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"ESTELLE," by Mrs. Annie Edwardes. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"ROSE MATHER," by Mary J. Holmes. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"A CHIT OF SIXTEEN," by Miriam Coles Harris. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"JOHN G. WHITTIER," by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. Cloth, pp. 330; price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"HIGHER CRITICISM IN THEOLOGY AND RELIGION," by Thomas Ellwood Longshore. Cloth, pp. 533. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"TRAVELS IN FAITH FROM TRADITION TO REASON," by Robert C. Adams. Paper, pp. 238. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"PULPIT, PEW, AND CRADLE," by Helen H. Gardener. Paper, pp. 30; price, 10 cents. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"INFIDEL DEATH BEDS," by G. W. Foote. Paper, pp. 98; price, 25 cents. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"WAS CHRIST CRUCIFIED?" by Austin Bierbower. Paper, pp. 24; price, 10 cents. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"WHO PAYS YOUR TAXES?" by Bolton Hall. Cloth, pp. 239. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"THE COLUMBUS OF LITERATURE," by W. F. C. Wigston. Cloth, pp. 217. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., 298 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"TOLD IN THE GATE," by Arlo Bates. Cloth, pp. 215; price, \$1.25. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

"A COMMON MISTAKE," by Jeanne M. Howell. Paper, pp. 290. Published by the Price McGill Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"A DEAD MAN'S DIARY," by Coulson Kernahan. Published by Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co., London.

"ONOQUA," by Frances C. Sparhawk. Paper, pp. 263; price, 50 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A FALLEN LEADER.

LEONIDAS L. POLK.*

BY NEITH BOYCE.

Not for him the warrior's blood-stained bays,
Nor martial pageant, nor memorial shaft
Sculptured with names of dear-bought victories.
Yet he fell fighting, as a hero falls,
In the front of battle, face unto the foe.
But he fought not to spill life but to save;
To wrest from the all-clutching hands of greed
The hard-earned meed of labor; to set free
The toiling millions from their galling bonds.
He championed the weak. Nay — not the weak!
The strong — till now unconscious of their strength —
Who yet shall rise in mighty majesty
And make new laws to give them back their own!

True patriot, wise leader, noble man —
Not for such as he the formal pomp
And empty show of grief — but, higher far,
A shrine within the sorrowing people's heart
Where love and reverence guard his memory.
And — loftier yet — the honor unexcelled —
A place among the shining band of those
Who have lived, fought, and died for Truth and Right!

* In memory of Leonidas L. Polk, president of the Farmers' Alliance, and apostle of industrial freedom. Died, Washington, D. C., June 11, 1892.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Our Woman's Number.

ONE year ago this month, we made an innovation in review literature by assigning most of the space in the issue to leading women writers. Among the contributors to that issue were Madame Blaze de Bury of Paris, Amelia B. Edwards, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Professor Mary L. Dickinson, Helen Campbell, Sara A. Underwood, Florence Kelley Wischnewetzky, and Will Allen Dromgoole. The innovation proved very popular, and soon found imitation among the leading magazines. With this issue we give a second woman's number, containing important papers from Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Louise Chandler Moulton, Gail Hamilton, Helen H. Gardener, Frances E. Willard, Frances E. Russell, Susan Elston Wallace (wife of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur"), and Sara A. Underwood; while in our woman's symposium, which occupies, with illustrations, twenty-nine pages, will be found papers by May Wright Sewall, president of the Woman's Council; Hester M. Poole of the Sorosis of New York; Kate Gannett Wells of Boston; Mary E. Mumford of Philadelphia; Annah Robinson Watson, president of the Nineteenth Century Club of Memphis; Katharine Nobles of New Orleans; Mary E. Boyce, late president of the Ruskin Club of Los Angeles; Ellen M. Mitchell, author of "A Study of Greek Philosophy"; Dr. Julia Holmes Smith of Chicago; Louise Chandler Moulton, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. The next issue will also be a number of special interest to women, owing to several special features we have in view, in addition to the symposium on Woman's Dress Reform elsewhere announced.

The Future of Islam, by Ibn Ishag.

A few years ago the *North American Review* published a notable paper on Islam, signed Ibn Ishag. This contribu-

tion excited general interest among scholars of America and Europe. Even the Sultan of Turkey was greatly interested in it. The same gentleman has written a paper for THE ARENA, entitled "The Future of Islam," which is being translated by one of the most eminent Persian scholars of our day. We hope to present it to our readers in the September or October ARENA. It will prove the most powerful presentation of the cause of Islam that has ever appeared in English, and will, we think, excite much interest and controversy.

Two Important Educational Papers.

Professor Jos. Rodes Buchanan has prepared for THE ARENA two magnificent papers on Education in its broader significance, the second contribution dealing chiefly with industrial training.

Professor Boughton on Walt Whitman.

We hope to give in our next issue an able paper, prepared for THE ARENA by Professor Willis Boughton, on Walt Whitman and his work.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

In this issue we present the second paper in the "Brief for the Plaintiff" in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. One more paper will appear for the plaintiff, after which the "Brief for the Defendant" will be presented in the strongest possible manner. The third division of this series of papers will be a consensus of opinion by the ablest living Shakespearean scholars. All persons interested in the greatest literary problem of the day will follow this notable series of papers with special interest.

The Presidential Campaign.

In this issue we continue the discussion so ably opened in the July ARENA

by Congressmen Springer, Watson, and Burrows, representing the three parties in Congress. In Gail Hamilton, Congressmen Ellis and Williams, and Senator Kyle the debate is continued by able representatives of the Republican, the Northern and Southern Democratic, and the People's Party. We had hoped to present a paper from a Prohibitionist, but in this have been disappointed.

Astrology in England.

Edgar Lee of London, the author of "Pharaoh's Daughter" and other works, is preparing some papers for THE ARENA on Astrology in London, which will show how extensively persons of rank and caste consult astrologists. These revelations will contain facts interesting and astonishing to many.

Some Important Features for Our Next Issue.

Among the important features which we hope to give our readers in the September issue, will be a third paper by Rev. M. J. Savage on "Psychical Research"; a brilliant autobiographical paper by Mr. James A. Herne, on "Old Stock Days," a thrilling realistic story of the West by a new author who bids fair to stand shoulder to shoulder with our ablest realistic and purposeful writers of the present; a discussion of the "Gold Cure for Consumption," by Henry Wood; a paper by Hon. John Davis, M. C., entitled "Communism of Capital," and "The Future of Islam," by Ibn Ishag. This last paper will be one of the most important theological arguments of the present year.

Professor Buchanan in Kansas.

The press of Kansas City has given a very cordial reception to Professor Buchanan, and his pupils in the College of Therapeutics have been quite enthusiastic in their admiration of his profound teaching. A recent Kansas City *Journal* says:—

The following declaration of sentiments was presented to Professor Buchanan, signed by all the members of the class, at the closing meeting of the Col-

lege of Therapeutics, and the sentiments are similar to those which have been expressed for many years by his students:

"We, the students attending the fourteenth session of the College of Therapeutics (in Kansas City), hereby unite in expressing our gratitude to Professor Buchanan for the great ability and kindness with which he has imparted his profound knowledge in the course of instruction just ended. This instruction, notwithstanding its profound nature, was given with great simplicity and frankness. His great and wonderful discoveries, developing therapeutic sarcognomy, psychometry, and the true electro-therapeutics, have been not only imparted in a lucid and eloquent manner with fascinating interest, but demonstrated by experiment at every step.

"We cannot, in this brief testimonial, do justice to so grand a subject as the revelation of a new science which introduces a revolution in therapeutics, fraught with incalculable blessings to mankind, and a still greater revolution in philosophy and the elements of human progress; but we can and do express our reverence and love for the leading philosopher of this century, which future ages will express more fully, when they shall have realized the unrivalled magnitude of his contributions to human progress and welfare.

"In saying this, we are but repeating what has often been thought and said by the readers of his four great and deeply interesting works; viz., 'Therapeutic Sarcognomy,' 'Manual of Psychometry,' 'System of Anthropology,' and the 'New Education.'

To appreciate the full meaning of this indorsement by the physicians and others attending his course, it should be borne in mind that therapeutic sarcognomy is a scientific revelation of the entire relations of the soul, brain, and body, and the exact location of all the functions of life, not only localizing all the psychic and physiological functions of the brain, but completing a similar location of all the vital forces of the body and their exact sympathy with those of the brain, making this expanded biology the basis of a new therapeutic treatment of disease, all of which he demonstrates by experiments with electricity on the students present, removing every doubt. This new science is embodied in his magnificent volume entitled "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," and his entire system of anthropology he is now preparing for the press.

Our Symposium on Women's Clubs.

Never before has there been published in a review so important a symposium on Women's Clubs as appears in this issue of THE ARENA. Many of the foremost women in club work, as well as writers of world-wide eminence, contribute to this important theme. The subjects discussed also give a many-sided view of the subject, which will prove in many ways helpful and inspiring. THE ARENA has ever recognized the fact that through woman's elevation and emancipation, more than through any other channel, will civilization realize the lofty ideal which is haunting the best thought of our age.

Anything which hampers or impedes the onward march of woman in this, her dawning cycle, will retard the world's progress. It is for this reason we have ever advocated a bold, fearless agitation of the problem of woman's dress reform, as we believe the bondage of fashion hampers woman, exerting a degrading and slavish influence upon her, and also because we feel that in emancipation from the tyranny of senseless, antiquated, conventional thought, she will more rapidly move to the place which absolute justice and the higher civilization demand for her.

The Most Notable Symposium on Dress Reform Ever Published.

In the September ARENA will appear the most notable symposium on Dress Reform ever published in a review. It has been prepared under the auspices of the Committee on Dress Reform of the Woman's Council, and to it the following well-known and thoughtful women are among the contributors: May Wright Sewall, president of the National Council of Women of the United States; Frances E. Russell, chairman of the Dress Reform Committee of the National Council; Octavia W. Bates, A. B.; Grace Greenwood; Miss E. M. King, author of important works on women's dress; Annie Jenness Miller, Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, Elizabeth Smith Miller, and Frances M. Steele. All wide-awake women of the United States, whether they are alive to

the importance of this subject, or appreciate its logical bearing on woman's enfranchisement and progress, should carefully read this important symposium.

Dress Reform Movement in the United States.

In this issue of THE ARENA Mrs. Frances E. Russell contributes a valuable historical sketch of the various dress-reform movements of the past among American women, giving the views of a brilliant galaxy of thoughtful women on this important question, which is so intimately related to the broader life and larger freedom, which are daily opening before women in the New World. The movements of the past have necessarily been spasmodic and preliminary. The agitation must needs come before victory can be attained. The John the Baptist ever precedes the Christ. So with woman's dress reform, the past agitations have been preparatory; they could not succeed, for women were too thoroughly under the thrall of conventionalism; too much, to use Helen Gardener's apt phrase, "echoes of echoes." Now, however, a great change has taken place; colleges, professions, occupations, are all throwing open their doors to woman. A new world has opened to her during the past forty years, and with this has come a broader vision, more independent thought, and "a different point of view." The difference between woman's thought to-day and that of fifty years ago, is almost as great as that which marked the chasm between American women half a century ago and the women of the Ottoman Empire. Then our women looked too little outside of the home which marriage offered, and men were very industrious in enforcing Paul's antiquated ideas. Were they not a part of Holy Writ, and how nice it was to have a slave, without the stigma of being a slaveholder! Then women were naturally echoes of their husbands, and life's vision was very circumscribed. To-day in America millions of women are earning independent support, and marriage has ceased to be the only asylum for women. Now women are thinking for

themselves; and though we still have millions of "echoes," especially in the frivolous world of fashion, the change in sentiment and growth in intellectual independence are very marked. Woman is at last awaking to her power, her rights, and the justice she is entitled to. The spasmodic attempts at rational dress reform of the past have now crystallized into a mighty movement, under the auspices of the National Council of Women of the United States, and it is safe to say an agitation has been inaugurated which will grow into a revolution at no distant day.

One of Nature's Noblemen Called from Life.

On June 11 there passed from life one of the noblest souls in public life, the most conspicuous apostle of industrial freedom in America. Mr. L. L. Polk was one of those sincere, honest, and intensely human natures whose love for the oppressed amounts to a passion. I shall never forget the last few moments I passed in his presence, in his offices in Washington. We were within gunshot of the great Capitol, where the sham battle of politics was being waged by professional politicians, and where the same poisonous influence of capitalism, which during the past generation has been potent in wresting from the people a nation's wealth in land grants and subsidies, was still present, exerting its subtle but deadly spell in behalf of what are popularly called the "vested interests," the present popular term for "capitalism." At this time, Colonel Polk, though by no means strong or well, was overmastered by the one great and luminous belief that he should live to see the industrial millions of America emancipated. Had not the agrarian uprising called for such a leader, he doubtless would have lived peacefully in comparative obscurity for many years, for he was by no means an ambitious man. When, however, the call came, when he saw and felt the fact that social conditions were slowly but surely pressing down into a sea of hopeless poverty and tenantry the sober industrial millions of

the great republic, he entered the battle with a zeal which burnt out the candle long before he reached the ripe age his noble life merited. He was an exceedingly thoughtful man, an impressive orator, and a true gentleman. The industrial millions of America never had a truer friend or a more able leader. On hearing of his death, Miss Neith Boyce, of THE ARENA office, immediately penned the strong and graceful tribute to his memory which precedes these notices. In this poem Miss Boyce, while placing a memorial wreath over the departed leader's grave, strikes the vital notes of the new "Marseillaise."

Fashion's Slaves.

Yielding to the wishes of hundreds of our readers who have written from all portions of the land, urging us to publish "Fashion's Slaves" in pamphlet form, we have now issued this most interesting paper on fashion and woman's dress reform in a handsome pamphlet. It is printed on coated paper, bound in attractive heavy paper cover, and, as our readers will probably remember, contains six photogravures and twenty-four text cuts, illustrating the reigning fashions for the past thirty years, the effect of following fashion on the health of women, and some graceful wearing apparel. This is the only paper, profusely illustrated, which has been published on this important subject, and the collecting and reproducing of costumes which prevailed in this country during the past three decades, required a long research and a large outlay in cash. The price of this pamphlet, post-paid, is fifteen cents, or two copies for twenty-five cents. A small edition bound in leatherette sells at twenty-five cents a copy. Persons ordering this pamphlet should designate whether they wish the paper or leatherette edition.

The Democracy of Darkness.

No single paper published in THE ARENA since our first issue has attracted more notice from the press than the "Democracy of Darkness" in the June

ARENA. We have also received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country concerning it, which indicate how general is the interest in this great problem. Below I give a communication from Wm. V. Noe of Brooklyn, N. Y., from which our readers will see the author has small faith in the church carrying out the reforms outlined by us in that paper.

RESPECTED SIR: I have read your article "Democracy of Darkness" in June ARENA with profound interest. It should stir the innermost recesses of every soul who has the welfare of humanity at heart.

Your article closes with the momentous question, "What is to be done?" and your answer is pointed on the co-operation of the church,—its systematic organization, its wealth, and its consecrated lives being the motive power which is to set in motion the gigantic scheme which you so comprehensively outline. The scheme is worthy the ambition of an archangel, and yet is within the possibilities of human effort; but, sir, I am afraid your heaven-born desires are doomed to disappointment and your best efforts to end in failure if your only resource is the help of the church. Your plan, at best, would be but tentative.

What has humanity to hope for from an ecclesiastical despotism which claims jurisdiction over the minds and consciences of the race, and which has systematically placed its iron heel on every act, word, or thought which, on its assumption, conflicted with its dogmas, and which now only awaits the opportunity to enforce its edicts by the strong arm of civil authority? *Vide* recent attempts in several states to incorporate ecclesiastical tenets into the common law through legislative enactments; the arrest and imprisonment of a man for keeping the seventh day according to the Scriptures, and for working on Sunday, etc. The church, as an institution, never advances; its career, since the days of Constantine, has been one of oppression and repression, its history written in blood. Art, science, literature, political economy, all that concerns the physical well-being of the race, have achieved their greatest triumphs in direct opposition to her behests, and in many cases in the face of relentless and merciless persecution. It is needless to enter into details which are familiar to every student of history, and neither time nor space would permit such an elaboration. Both the Romish and Protestant churches have their long array of hapless victims, which swell the crimson tide of bigotry and fanaticism. What have you to hope for from such a source?

What can you hope for from a system of ethics which pictures God as an avenging Deity? a being who has created a place of eternal torment for seven out of every ten of his children—children brought into existence without any voice in the matter, and, after a painful struggle for a precarious existence of a few brief years on earth, are finally thrust down to hell, to pass an eternity of agony and despair! What can be hoped for from such a system? I speak of the church as an organization, a system of ethics. A glorious company of noble souls have shed a lustre over the pages of her dark history, and have imparted to her a modicum of glory; but as a system she has outlived her usefulness. Ichabod is written on her banners; her glory has departed. There can be no compromise. The conflict between the contending forces of advanced thought and awakened intellect and the conservative and dogmatic elements of the church is irrepressible and mortal, and can only end in the absolute triumph of the struggling masses. In their efforts to achieve a victory over the crushing despotism of capital and its concomitant evils—a triumph which will render every other social problem easily solvable, and in which humanity awaits the coming Messiah who shall inaugurate the religion of humanity. The church must, from the very nature of its organic law, oppose and resist with all its power any movement that infringes upon what it claims to be its prerogative; and the enthusiasm and zeal, wealth and influence, which, directed in the interest of struggling humanity, would speedily end the conflict in a triumphant vindication of right and justice, will be directed to the crushing out of any movement which does not square with dogmatic theology. It is only necessary to call to mind the attitude of the church in ante-bellum days or the question of slavery, its bitter denunciation of prominent reformers, its inertia respecting the great questions of the hour, to realize the fact that in any movement of radical reform, no aid can be hoped for in that direction, but that in the coming struggle, the most formidable antagonist will be the church, fortified by the millionaire capitalists.

We are treading upon the threshold of momentous events. One epoch in the world's history is drawing to a close; another is about to open; great and radical changes await us. Shall the transition be peaceful, or will it be cataclysmal? What will the womb of the nascent future, now travelling in pain, bring forth? There can be no doubt of the outcome: revolutions never go backward; this should be a peaceful one; anarchism should have no part nor lot in it. Some protagonist, some Moses, should arise to conduct the struggling masses through

this Red Sea to the promised land; but whether the transition be peaceful or stormy, the conflict will go on until truth and justice shall be established for all time.

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Looking beyond the din and smoke of contending forces, we see the bow of peace spanning the heavens, and hear, chanted by angelic voices, the song the angels sung: "Peace on earth, good will to men." In the language of an inspired seer, "The future is glowing with a beautiful radiance, and the scene is one of grandeur and sublimity." If the result does not usher in the dawn of the millennium morn, it will at least go a great way in pushing the race in that direction.

Our Poor Fund.

I regret to say that our receipts for our poor fund have been small during the past two months. Next month I will give a statement of all receipts since our last published record, and shortly will give our regular report of disbursements. Friends, our fund is running very low; do not let us forget our starving, suffering poor in our great cities. Every dollar sent to our fund will be disbursed for those who are actually in need, and there is no expense connected with the disbursement.

A Correction.

Below we give a note correcting an error which crept into Dr. Hartt's paper. At our request Dr. Hartt has prepared the following note:—

In the May number of THE ARENA, on pages 738 and 739, in the article by Henry A. Hartt, M. D., on "Alcohol in its Relation to the Bible," a quotation from a pamphlet issued by the Temperance Publication House of New York, containing a most extravagant vituperation of alcohol, was extended so as to include his criticism upon it; a mistake which he deems it the more important to correct, because, in his view, the criticism involves a solution of the problem of the prominence given to wine in the Bible. The passage should read thus:—

"It has latterly become the fashion in certain circles to denounce alcohol on account of the meanness of its origin. It is, we are told, the offspring of fermentation, and is indebted for its existence to the death of food, and therefore it must be reduced to the lowest grade of venomous and detestable poisons."

The following emphatic language is taken from a pamphlet issued by the Temperance Publication House of New York:—

"Alcohol is not found in nature. God never created a particle of it. . . . Having no legitimate use as a drink or remedy, being a poison and a curse, a deadly enemy to health, peace, and human happiness, a special weapon of warfare against morality, virtue, and Christianity, the production, sale, or purchase of alcohol, giving it to others, or its use as a beverage in the form of spirituous liquors . . . is a blasphemous defiance of Almighty God, a war waged for the frustration of His divine purposes and designs, a violation of every one of the ten commandments and of every precept of the gospel; and it is the blackest and vilest treason against humanity. . . . Alcoholic spirits, wine, or beer can only be produced by the destruction of food.

O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the Scriptures have written! Do ye not know that from the gloom, and agony and ignominy, and death of the cross, life and immortality have sprung to light? Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

It is just this fact that wine possesses a stimulating and vitalizing force which has come forth from the death of food which gives it all its prominence and significance in the Bible. It is only thus fitted to become an emblem of that infinite power of beneficence and love, and source of spiritual and eternal life, the blood of a crucified Saviour. In a similar allusive sense, corn and oil are employed throughout the Scriptures—the one to represent His body, the bread of life, of which if any man eat he shall live forever; the other, as shown by the parable of the ten virgins, to denote His grace.

In the light of this interpretation, with what interest do we look back upon the whole field of Jewish history! What a halo of splendor encircles the brow of Melchizedek, the King of Peace, as he comes forth with bread and wine to meet the august representative of the system of typical sacrifices and ordinances! How pregnant now with prophecies of future blessedness seems every festival, sacrifice, and offering, with its invariable admixture of corn and oil and wine! And when Jesus at length appears at the marriage feast, do not our hearts burn within us as we gaze upon that stupendous miracle in which He presents to the admiring guests a gift which to them is a source of joy and gladness, but to him a symbol of his own dissolution? And

as He sits at meat in the houses of Simon and Zaccheus, and in every season of converse and enjoyment with His followers, while words of wisdom and mercy flow continually from His lips, and He eats and drinks with them freely in token of fellowship, and all rejoice under the influence of His divine magnetism, His soul is absorbed with the magnitude and glory of the work which lies before Him, and dwells with the profoundest interest upon the deace which He should accomplish at Jerusalem, and upon the sublime and ineffable conse-

quences which, throughout the cycles of time and of eternity, would proceed therefrom. And when the hour has come, again we behold the King of Peace holding in His hands the bread and wine, which now He gives to the ministers of the new and better covenant, commissioned to go out into all the world and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation through His blood, saying unto them: "As often as ye eat of this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

